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"THE LAND OF THE SKY;"

OR, ADVENTURES IN MOUNTAIN BY-WAYS.*

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

CHAPTER II.

"Wandering as in a magic dream,
By shadowy wood and crystal stream,
By mountain-peak and forest-dell,
Where fauns and fairies love to dwell,
We enter the enchanted clime,
Forgotten in the lapse of time,
The golden land of fair idlesse,
Of sylvan sports and joyousness."



A DAY of summer warmth, yet with a stimulating qual-

ity in the air unlike the languid heat we left below, a cloudless sky, a flood of sunshine, a sparkling mist draping the distant azure mountains—this is the aspect with which Buncombe greets the strangers within her borders when they open their windows the next morning.

These windows look down on the Main Street, but there is room and to spare in Asheville, so we are not hedged in by buildings. Immediately in front is an open space through which we look at the green hills on

which the town is built, rising with gentle, undulating swell in every direction, while afar lie the blue mountains, height overtopping height, peak rising behind peak, graceful lines blending, through the gaps more remote ranges to be seen lying so pale and faint on the horizon that it is almost impossible to tell where mountains end and sky be-

gins. It is only a glimpse of the beauty which is in store for us, yet we are delighted. There is a brilliancy about the scene which is almost startling. We were not prepared for such clear, exquisite colors—colors that would thrill an artist's inmost soul—such emerald greenness, such heavenly blue-ness, such diamond-like brightness of atmosphere.

"It is a country of which to dream!" cries Sylvia, clasping her hands. "Why have we never come here before? Why have we gone everywhere else, and neglected this Arcadia lying at our very door?"

"In order that we might be fitted to appreciate it when we did come," I reply. "We are

now able to compare it—unbiased by any spell of earthly association—with much more famous regions, and to declare that it surpasses them all."

"Surpasses them!—I should think so, indeed! Have you ever seen anywhere else such tints as those on the mountains yonder? Come! I see a piazza—let us go out on it. One cannot have too much of this air. It is like an elixir of life."

We go out on the piazza. The air is indeed like an elixir in its buoyancy and lightness. Birds are singing in the leafy depths of the trees that droop before the hotel, people are passing up and down the street—among them we presently recognize Eric, walking with a more elastic step than is customary with him in the low-country. Macgregor's foot is plainly on his native heath.

He stops to shake hands with every other person whom he meets, and there is much cordiality in these greetings. Sylvia watches him with amused eyes. When he passes under the piazza she leans over and speaks:

"What is the Arcadian form of salutation, Eric? Shall one say 'God save you!' or 'The top of the morning?' Isn't it delicious—the country, I mean? Alice and I are here. Come up."

"You had better come down," he says. "The breakfast-bell is ringing. I will meet you in the parlor in five minutes."

In five minutes we meet in that apartment. Aunt Markham has declined to rise for breakfast, and reports that she is aching in every limb from the trying passage of Swannanoa Gap. "I don't know when I shall recover," she says, solemnly. Charley is always incorrigibly lazy, therefore it follows that we go in to breakfast attended by Eric alone.

It is the height of the season for tourists, and we hear—in fact, we heard before we crossed the mountains—that every house of entertainment in Asheville is crowded. The "Eagle" demurred about receiving us, but Eric's influence carried our point. This morning we see that the hotel is full to overflowing. As we eat our breakfast leisurely, we criticise the parties that come and go, and are edified by a great deal of fashion. After a while Charley appears, and drops into a seat by Sylvia.

"I see no signs of the linen blouse, the alpenstock, or the thick boots," he says, regarding her pretty toilet with evident appreciation. "Are we going to resign the rôle of explorers, and subside into ordinary summer idlers?"

"I have not the faintest idea what you mean to do," she replies, "but, judging by the manner in which you begin the campaign, I should think you were likely to be more of a summer idler than any thing else. As for the rest of us, we have arranged our plan of action for the day. After breakfast we are going to devote ourselves to seeing Asheville and the French Broad. This afternoon we shall walk to—to—what is the name of the place, Eric?"

"Beaucatcher," answers Eric.

"And to-night let us go to Elk Mountain," says Charley, meekly. "It is only

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about seven miles distant—a pleasant point for a moonlight stroll."

"No, to-night we are going to—what is the name of that place, Eric?"

"Battery Porter," says Eric.

"Yes, and then to-morrow we are going to MacSomebody's Hill—Eric says it commands the finest view east of the Mississippi—and the day after to Elk Mountain, and the day after that—"

But the expression of Charley's face is so full of genuine consternation that I interpose.

"Pray spare us, Sylvia. We are not making the tour of Europe after the manner of Brown, Jones, and Robinson—the greatest amount of sight-seeing to be accomplished in the smallest deal of time. We are summer idlers, and we do not mean to exhaust ourselves by making a business of pleasure. Don't let us be tied down to a programme. Let us see all these beautiful places in the manner and at the time that seems to us best."

"Hear! hear!" says Charley, gratefully—but Sylvia regards me with disapprobation.

"We are not likely to see very much if the manner and the time are left to some of the party," she remarks.

"May I be allowed to suggest riding or driving, instead of walking?" says Charley. "Asheville is a town of magnificent distances—every place is a mile at least from every other place—and the French Broad, which you speak of seeing, is a mile from them all."

"What are miles in this climate?" asks Sylvia, loftily.

After breakfast we set forth to discover what miles are in this climate, and we find them quite as long as those to which we have been accustomed. Charley is right. Asheville is a place of magnificent distances, and if it is ever built up within its corporate limits, it will be the metropolis which its inhabitants fondly hope to see it. Yet as we stroll around and about (or, to speak more correctly, up and down the streets), we decide that one could hardly under any circumstances wish it other than it is—less a town than a collection of country-seats scattered irregularly and picturesquely over the innumerable hills. There is no point from which the eye does not command a great expanse of country and mountain-ranges overtopped by mountain-ranges, besides the most charming bits of foreground landscape. As a rule, I dislike comparisons in scenery—especially comparisons which introduce Switzerland—but it is impossible to refrain from saying that in general effect Asheville reminds one of a Swiss town. The green heights over which the gabled houses are scattered, the roads winding away to the breezy uplands, the air of brightness and cleanliness, the winsome glades and valleys, and the frame of distant mountains—so soft, so graceful, so heavenly fair, that it is impossible to wish their violet outlines transformed to the dazzling majesty of the pure, awful Alpine peaks.

"Now," says Eric, as with much expenditure of breath we gain the top of the beautiful hill on which the Catholic church

stands—decidedly the loveliest site in the town—"you can see how Asheville is situated. You perceive that the hills on which it is built rise up from the valleys of the French Broad and Swannanoa—"

"How can we perceive it?" demands Sylvia. "Neither the French Broad nor the Swannanoa is visible. It is a matter of faith, not sight, so far as they are concerned. I see the hills—and they are astonishingly green."

"West of the Blue Ridge the famous blue grass grows—which makes Western North Carolina one of the finest grazing regions in the world," says Charley, who is seated in the church-door, fanning himself with his straw hat. He utters this item of information with an air which seems to say that Eric shall not monopolize all the honors of ciceroneship.

"And what are those?—and those?—and those?" asks Sylvia, indicating various peaks in the beautiful mountain panorama spread toward the south and west.

"Those at which you are looking," says Eric, "belong to the range of the Cold Mountain—and that most prominent peak is Pisgah. It is the highest mountain to be seen from this point, and its shape and height make it a landmark through all the country south of the Black."

We can well credit this, looking at Pisgah with admiring eyes. It lifts its head boldly, this commanding pyramid, from among a number of lesser peaks, the lines of which recede away on each side until they lie like azure clouds on the far horizon.

"From Beaucatcher, yonder," says Eric, pointing to a bold hill—the last of a spur running down from the Black—which bounds the prospect on the east, "there is a most extensive view. One hundred and eighty peaks are said to be in sight. I never counted them—but I can believe it."

"Let us go there at once," says Sylvia.

A faint groan proceeds from Charley in the rear.

"Not this morning," I say. "Let us go there for the sunset. Now we are bound to the French Broad."

Charley groans again—evidently this is not much of an improvement in Beaucatcher—but he rises and we descend the hill. A steep street runs along its base. We climb this for some distance, and presently find ourselves in a shady lane, with a stretch of meadow-land before us, and several country-seats in sight.

"What a charming place!" says Sylvia, sitting down on the roots of a great oak by the road-side to rest. "We are in the country, and yet not in the country. Alice, had you any idea that Asheville would be like this?"

"Not the least," I answer, looking beyond green meadows and wooded hills to the shadows moving across the great shoulders of the distant mountains.

"How confidently one draws a mental picture of a place and accepts it for reality!" Sylvia goes on, tracing figures in the sand with the point of her parasol. "I fancied we should find an ordinary village—rather pretty, perhaps—but chiefly remarkable for

being twenty-two hundred feet above the sea—"

"Twenty-two hundred and fifty," says Charley. "The people insist on having the credit of every fraction."

"Good as a health-resort, no doubt," Sylvia proceeds, "but full of the depressing village air and village stagnation one knows so well. Instead, I look round, and what do I see?"

"Mountains," says Eric, literally.

"A bright little spa," the young lady announces, emphatically, "which only needs fashion to make it an American Baden."

"I hope it may be a long time before fashion finds it," says Eric, dryly.

"Then you must hope that it may be a long time before there is a railroad," I say. "One cannot expect to keep Fashion out when once steam has opened the way for her capricious majesty."

"The place, even now," says Charley, might be a great summer-resort—counting its visitors by thousands, instead of by hundreds—if it would arouse to a sense of its own interest, and provide a proper place to lodge them.* A modern hotel, with fine grounds—"

"And a band of music," says Sylvia.

"Of course a band of music, a good table, and good servants, would realize your American Baden in short order."

"You are fine Arcadians," I remark, severely, "to plan deliberately the destruction of all you profess to admire. If I had Mr. Ruskin's gift of invective, I would wither you with my indignation. Not having it, I exult in the fact that you can neither build your hotel, nor bring your bands of music and army of tourists."

"The railway will bring them, however," says Sylvia, beginning to hum a Strauss waltz.

At this moment a carriage appears driving along the lane. It is a small basket-phaeton, drawn by a large horse, instead of a pony, and contains a lady and a gentleman. The wheels roll smoothly and easily over the shadow-dappled road; the lady holds her fringed parasol with coquettish grace; the sound of their gay voices floats to us. We begin to walk on, but Sylvia looks round. "After all, driving is pleasanter than walking," she says.

"Are you tired?" says Charley. "Take my arm."

Before she can accept or decline this civility, an exclamation is heard from the phaeton. "*Ciel!*" cries a voice with a French accent, "is not that Sylvia Norwood? I am sure it must be!—Victor, stop—stop a moment!"

"But you are not sure, Adèle," a man's voice remonstrates.

"I must make sure," replies the other, eagerly.

Then the tall horse is induced to stop, and we look at Sylvia. She turns toward the phaeton, and, as the lady springs lightly to the ground, advances, and holds out her hand. "You are Adèle Dupont," she says. "I am very glad to meet you."

* Since this party were in Asheville, a "proper place" has been provided.

"It is—it is herself!" cries Miss Dupont, rushing forward, and embracing her with effusion.

In the effort to refrain from smiling—knowing that the eyes of the gentleman in the phaeton are upon us—we all look so grave that one might suppose something very sad to be occurring. In reality I am much amused. I have heard of Miss Dupont—a creole, from New Orleans, with whom Sylvia was at school—and I know that the encounter is not altogether agreeable to the latter. She puts what is popularly known as "a good face" on the matter, however, and, when the embraces and kisses subside, says:

"How singular that we should meet here, Adèle! Where do you come from?"

"From the Warm Springs," answers Adèle. "We reached there a month ago, and I should have been content to stay until it was time to go back to New Orleans, but some of our party wanted to travel. We arrived here day before yesterday. We are going—oh, everywhere! And you?"

"I reached here with a party, last night. The length of our stay is indefinite—our plans are indefinite, also. Here is my sister, let me introduce you."

Miss Dupont is introduced to me, Eric is presented, also Charley. She says something graceful and flattering to each of us—being, evidently, one of the persons whose ease and readiness, especially in the line of compliments, make less-favored people feel stiff and awkward. Then she turns to Sylvia:

"Now that you have made me acquainted with your sister and cousins," she says, "I must introduce my brother to you.—Victor, can you leave the horse for a few minutes?"

Victor does so readily enough. He is a slender, dark-eyed man, with a great deal of French grace in his manner. He is thirty, perhaps, and looks interesting and artistic. I see Charley (who is neither dark-eyed, interesting, nor artistic) regard him with evident disfavor. Eric is more cordial, and, while he and Sylvia talk to the stranger, Miss Dupont informs me, in a dramatic aside, that he is a charming musician, that he has been a gallant soldier, and that "we"—the Dupont family understood—are most proud of and devoted to him.

"But where are you all going?" she asks, suddenly turning her attention from me to Charley, in a manner for which I am not entirely unprepared. "Victor and I have been driving aimlessly. Is there any special place to go to? Is there any particular thing to be seen?"

Now, Adèle Dupont is by no means a very pretty woman, but she is a woman who makes the best of her personal appearance, and who has a grace and style that would redeem ugliness itself. She is attractive and beguiling. She knows it, and Charley knows it, too.

"There are several places," he replies. "Have you been to Beaucatcher? Have you driven out to the Swannanoa—or the French Broad?"

"We came up the French Broad, you know. As for Beaucatcher—no, I have not seen it, nor the Swannanoa."

"We were just on our way to Beaucatcher," says Mr. Dupont to Sylvia.

"You had better wait until this afternoon, and join our party," says Eric, good-naturedly. "We are going there to see the sunset."

"Yes, of course we will wait," says Miss Dupont, graciously. "If Victor and I went alone, we should not know one mountain from another; but no doubt you"—the beguiling eyes again appeal to Charley—"know the names of them all."

"Not quite," replies Charley, modestly—he really does not know a single mountain besides Pisgah, which, from its shape, is unmistakable—"but I will do my best to enlighten you."

With this arrangement we separate. The Duponts return to their phaeton. We continue our walk, discussing them the while—not altogether in a spirit of charity.

"Adèle Dupont is delightful until you find that she is insincere," says Sylvia, when Charley remarks that she is very agreeable.

"A little insincerity in a woman does not matter," says that lax young moralist, "if the result is good."

"Indeed!" says Sylvia, in a tone of sarcasm. "How edifying it is to the feeble feminine intellect to hear masculine opinions! If insincerity is not objectionable in a woman, what do you consider it in a man?"

"Almost as contemptible as affectation," Mr. Kenyon replies; "and, unless I am greatly mistaken, Monsieur Victor Dupont is a very good example of the last."

Sylvia smiles scornfully.

"I have never seen an Anglo-Saxon man," she says, "who did not consider a foreigner, or anybody with foreign manners, affected. Such judgments are—"

"Pray don't hesitate to say what they are," remarks Charley, quietly, as she hesitates.

"Are generally the result of prejudice, jealousy, or provincial ignorance," she goes on, impetuously, with the color mounting to her cheeks.

"Prejudice, jealousy, provincial ignorance!" repeats Charley, meditatively. "Under which head does my judgment come, I wonder? Prejudice?—why should I be prejudiced? Jealousy?—of whom should I be jealous? Provincial ignorance?—I am afraid I must plead guilty on that score. I have never been in New Orleans."

"You have been in Paris, however," I observe, "and therefore ought to be familiar with French manners."

"And Miss Dupont's are very good," he says, with the air of one making a deduction.

I give the matter up, and walk on with Eric, leaving Sylvia and Charley to fight their battle alone. We hear them disputing behind us.

"A person may be enthusiastic and effusive without being affected," Sylvia declares.

"With an impressionable temperament, feelings are so easily effaced that persons of that kind are often unjustly accused of insincerity," Charley says.

Eric and I look at each other and smile. We are accustomed to the sparring and wrangling of these two.

We do not go to the French Broad. An avenue which is very creditable to the town has been opened toward it, and along this we walk for some distance, admiring at every step the green landscape around us and the splendid heights far away; but our pedestrian powers are exhausted before we reach the river. Wiser with regard to Asheville distances, and saddened by the necessity of toiling over the cobble-stones which pave the streets, we return to the hotel.

As we approach the door, we are astonished to see a stout lady in the act of being assisted from the small phaeton with which we have already made acquaintance, by a slender, graceful gentleman.

"There is Mr. Dupont!" says Sylvia, looking at the latter.

"There is Aunt Markham!" I exclaim, looking at the former.

"Aunt Markham!" repeats Charley. "By Jove, so it is! What do you suppose she has been doing?"

"Driving with Mr. Dupont, apparently," says Eric, whom nothing surprises.

We find that this conjecture is correct. When we come up, Aunt Markham receives us benignly.

"Mr. Dupont, whom I believe you have met," she says—we bow, and Mr. Dupont bows—"has been kindly driving me around Asheville a little. It is really a very pretty place—only exceedingly scattered. I should dislike to be obliged to walk very much here. You must all be dreadfully tired."

"I am more vexed than tired," says Sylvia, "for we did not reach the French Broad after all—it is too far away."

"If you would like to see that river, will



MR. DUPONT PROPOSES—A DRIVE.

you not allow me the pleasure of driving you to it?" says Mr. Dupont, eagerly. "I shall be greatly honored."

Sylvia hesitates.

"But your horse must be tired," she says, "and you—are not you tired, also, of playing cavalier of dames?"

"The horse has done nothing to speak of

—nothing to tire him," says the young creole, gallantly; "and, as for me, life offers me no greater happiness than to be a cavalier of dames. If mademoiselle will only be gracious enough to trust herself with me—"

Mademoiselle is gracious. She smiles; nobody knows better than Sylvia herself that she has a very charming smile.

"You are very kind," she says, "and the phaeton looks very inviting. Yes, I will go. The French Broad is only a mile distant, I believe."

As he assists her into the little carriage, Mr. Dupont says something in French—like all creoles, he falls into this language whenever he wants to be very complimentary or impressive—the substance of which is that he should be glad if it were twenty miles distant. Then they drive away, leaving us standing on the sidewalk.

"Mr. Dupont is a most agreeable person," says Aunt Markham, taking Eric's arm as she slowly mounts the steps of the hotel-piazza. "It is a very good test of a young man's breeding and disposition when he is attentive to an elderly woman. He pressed me to drive with him as if I had been seventeen."

Charley puts his hands in the pockets of his coat, and I see that it would relieve his mind to whistle. He refrains, however, and is repaid for this act of self-denial. As we enter the hotel, a light, silvery voice is heard in the parlor, singing a gay French song. "That is Miss Dupont, I suppose," I say to Charley. He nods, and, turning, enters the room. The song breaks off abruptly. There is a trill of laughter; then I hear, "So my brother has carried Sylvia off! Are you in-consolable, Mr. Kenyon?"

"Not if you will let me hear the rest of that song," says Charley the hypocrite.

An hour, two hours pass, without any sign of the return of Sylvia and Mr. Dupont. Aunt Markham grows uneasy, and asks if I do not think that the horse may have run away and killed them, or else that they may have fallen into the river and been drowned. I quiet her fears by assuring her that there is no great probability that either of these events has occurred. I entertain a strong suspicion of what *has* occurred, but I say nothing about it, having long since realized that while men (and women) are what they are, flirtation will be very likely to exist.

The dinner-bell rings presently, and, notwithstanding her uneasiness, Aunt Markham decides not to wait for the absent culprit. "This air gives one a really remarkable appetite," she says. We go down-stairs, therefore, but, as we cross the passage, the tall horse and small phaeton draw up before the door, and Sylvia's pretty, flushed face looks at us.

"Don't scold, auntie!" she cries, as she enters the hall, bearing a large stone jug in both her hands. "I have been on *such* an expedition in your behalf! Can you imagine what I have here? You must taste it at once.—Mr. Dupont, please make somebody bring a glass!"

Mr. Dupont darts away, and in less than a minute returns with a glass. He holds it while Sylvia uncorks the jug.

"Is it mountain-dew?" I ask, skeptically. She laughs; the liquid flows clear as crystal into the glass; Mr. Dupont presents



THE PRIZE FROM THE SPRINGS.

it, with a bow, to Aunt Markham, who receives and tastes it.

"Sulphur-water!" she says, as one might say "Champagne!"

"Yes, sulphur-water," says Sylvia, exultantly, "quite as good—I mean as bad—as that in Greenbrier, Virginia, of which you are so fond!"

"Not quite so good, my dear," says Aunt Markham, tasting again, with the air of a connoisseur. "It is not so strong as the Greenbrier sulphur."

"It is strong enough," says Sylvia. "I tasted it and thought it so abominable that I determined to bring you some at once. So Mr. Dupont went to a house on a hill—"

"All houses are on hills in this country," I say, parenthetically.

"Except those that are in coves," says Sylvia. "He borrowed the jug there, and we are to take it back to-morrow."

"But I thought you made the journey on Aunt Markham's behalf, and from this it appears that you did not think of her until you were at the spring?"

"I will tell you all about it at dinner," says the young lady, flying up-stairs.

At dinner we hear an account of the expedition.

"To begin at the beginning," says Syl-

via, "the French Broad is a most beautiful river. We crossed it on a long bridge, and I made Mr. Dupont stop in the middle while I took in the view. On one side the stream—which is so clear that its water is a translucent emerald—winds through a fertile valley, with Smith's Creek—why don't they give things better names?—flowing into it, draped over with lovely trees and vines. On the other side there are bold, green hills, rising abruptly from the water's edge, round the base of which the river makes a sweeping curve as it disappears from sight. It was so charming that I could not bear to come back, and Mr. Dupont, seeing that I was anxious to go farther—"

"H'm!" says Charley.

"Said that he remembered having been here when a child, and staying at a place called Deaver's Springs, a few miles from Asheville. 'It was a very pretty place,' he said, 'if I could remember where it was.' I suggested that we should ask the direction from some inhabitant of the country—which we accordingly did, and heard that we must 'drive straight on.' So we drove straight on, along an excellent ridge road, with mountains to right of us, mountains to left of us, mountains before us and behind us. I have never conceived any thing so beautiful as the lights and shades on those superb heights, or their exquisite colors. Once we saw rain falling far away among the purple gorges, with the sun shining on it, and the effect was—superb—fairly divine!"



SCENE ON THE ROAD-SIDE.

"A very common effect among mountains," says Eric.

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"mire uncommon things," says Sylvia, "when the things that are best worth admiring in the world are all of them common. Mr. Dupont fully agrees with me that this is the most beautiful country in America."

"I wonder if he has seen them all?" says Charley.

"We were so engrossed," Sylvia proceeds, ignoring this remark, "that we drove on, forgetting all about time and distance, until after a while we reached some bars, where we had been directed to 'turn of'—or, rather, to turn in. Mr. Dupont let them down, and from a house across the road several children came rushing to mind the gap while we went to the spring. The road into which we turned led us past a log-cabin, in front of which two or three stout men were lazily smoking and gossiping. We asked for a tumbler—were given one of thick, green glass, and drove on. Mr. Dupont pointed out a hill on the left as the site of the hotel which was once quite a place of resort."

"I have heard of Deaver's Springs," says Aunt Markham. "The hotel was burned, I believe."

"Yes, burned and never rebuilt; but the springs are still there, with a pavilion over them. We drove down the hill at the risk of smashing the phaeton or breaking our necks—for, having come so far, of course we felt it incumbent on us to drink some of the water.—As soon as I tasted it, I thought of you, auntie, and I sent Mr. Dupont back to the house to get a vessel in which we could bring some to you. He returned with the jug you have seen, and I filled it myself."

"I thank you, my dear," says Aunt Markham.

"The moral of the story," says Eric, "is that this young lady was going to see the French Broad, and the only glimpse of the river to be obtained between Asheville and Deaver's Springs is what you see while crossing it."

"The moral of the story is that the best philosophy in life is to enjoy all that you can, when you can," says Sylvia, gayly.

THE LITTLE JOANNA.*

A NOVEL

BY KAMBA THORPE.

CHAPTER XI.

MRS. BASIL RECONNOITRES.

MRS. BASIL in her shabby little carriage, drawn by one shabby horse in shabby harness, and driven by old Thurston in a shabby suit, went on her way funereally. When one compared this sorry turnout with the goodly equipage in which this lady used to raise the dust of Middleborough before the war, one could understand why her heart was set on Mrs. Stargold's money. But the dogs barked after her just the same as in days gone by, and in the course of time she arrived at the house Mrs. Stargold had rented.

Before she could touch the bell, the door was opened by Miss Ruffner in person, a tall, thin, dressy woman of no particular age. She greeted Mrs. Basil in a studied whisper.

"Very glad to see you, cousin. You will excuse my officiousness in assuming the servant's place; but I feared the bell might disturb Cousin Elizabeth, who is trying to sleep. Walk in, please," she added, throwing open the parlor-door with an air of proprietorship most exasperating to Mrs. Basil.

But Mrs. Basil was not to be overawed by Jane Ruffner. She took in the room with all its appointments at a single glance, and would not appear impressed by any thing she saw.

"We have a fine situation here," said Miss Ruffner, opening a window.

"I am glad that you are pleased," said Mrs. Basil, with chilling indifference. "It is not so high, however, as Basilwood, and it is rather remote."

"Remote from Basilwood, yes," Miss Ruffner assented, with a peculiar smile Mrs. Basil did not like; "but, in the present state of Cousin Elizabeth's health, seclusion is desirable."

Mrs. Basil drew herself up stiffly. Had not Arthur and herself quite as distinct claims upon Mrs. Stargold as these Ruffners? "The distance is not worth considering when one rides," said she, as grandly as though her poor little old carriage were the best in the land; "and Arthur will ride over in a day or two to call. I had hoped to see Cousin Elizabeth this afternoon, and am sorry to be denied." She did not believe now that Mrs. Stargold was trying to sleep.

Miss Ruffner coughed, by which she seemed to express that it was to be expected that Mrs. Basil would selfishly annoy poor Cousin Elizabeth with her attentions.

"Do the physicians consider her case particularly serious?" Mrs. Basil asked.

"Doctors are not infallible, you know," replied Miss Ruffner, evasively. "She suffers extremely from nervous prostration, and it is not thought advisable that she should see company. I seldom see her myself, except when she wishes me to read to her. Mother seems to be indispensable to her comfort; and Sam relieves her of all care about business."

"I should think that Sam must find it rather inconvenient neglecting his planting interests," remarked Mrs. Basil, dryly. "Cotton is not so easily made, nowadays."

"No, indeed," Miss Ruffner assented; "but Sam is not selfish; he can give up his interests for Cousin Elizabeth's."

"Oh, I dare say he can afford to do so," said Mrs. Basil, with libelous emphasis. "Such disinterestedness should meet its reward."

"Sam looks for no reward but the approval of his own conscience," said Miss Ruffner, with virtuous calm. "The presence of a gentleman on the place is indispensable to Cousin Elizabeth's comfort. Oh, by-the-way, how is Arthur, after that little farce of his with the burglars?"

"It might have been a tragedy," said Mrs. Basil, coldly.

"So it might. And indeed there is no

telling yet what may come of it. You know, I suppose Arthur has told you, about the bursting of that panel in an old escritoire? Well, it seems that escritoire once belonged to Francis Hendall, and, on that account, Cousin Elizabeth set great store by it. If all her silver had been stolen, I don't think she could have taken it so to heart. I believe she looks upon the accident as an omen, a warning, a summons. She has been busy with papers and lawyers ever since."

"I don't believe it will result seriously," said Mrs. Basil, with evident displeasure. "She hasn't yet had time to recover from the shock; but Cousin Elizabeth is too sensible a woman to fall a victim to superstition."

"Oh, we hope for the best," said Miss Ruffner, resignedly. "But then, you know, we must humor her a little. It really is a sort of amusement to her, I suppose, to arrange her papers and all that; and then she is naturally jealous of any appearance of interference. Oh, now that I think of it, you remember Basil Redmond, do you not?"

Mrs. Basil heard the name with an involuntary start. She had thought Basil Redmond dead, or forever passed out of her world. What had he to do with what they were talking of, she wondered. But, recovering herself, she answered, calmly:

"Certainly, I remember him."

Miss Ruffner smiled; she knew that Mrs. Basil had never been fond of the judge's ward.

"Perhaps," said she, with furtive irony, "you may be pleased to know that you will have an opportunity to renew acquaintance with him. A particular friend of Mrs. Stargold's has written her to announce his coming at an early day. You know he is now a promising young lawyer somewhere in California; I forget the name of the place."

No, Mrs. Basil did not know it; but she saw no necessity to confess her ignorance.

"I shall be happy to meet him again," she said. It would be very like meeting the ghost of the past; and yet, twelve years absence must, of course, have obliterated the old antagonism with which the unruly boy had regarded her; and as for herself, she scorned to bear malice.

"I thought you could not have forgotten him," Miss Ruffner remarked, blandly. "As a youth I know he was no favorite of yours; and we more easily forget those we like than those we dislike."

This Rochefoucauld-like sentiment Mrs. Basil thought proper to ignore. "I am rejoiced to hear a good report of him; of course I naturally feel an interest in his success as a relative of my husband's. May I ask what brings him to Middleborough?"

"Indeed," said Miss Ruffner, "I don't know; I only know that he brings letters of introduction from Cousin Elizabeth's friend."

"I had lost sight of him," said Mrs. Basil; "through his own fault, entirely. But I shall welcome him back with pleasure, and Miss Basil, I'm sure, will welcome him as gladly as I."

"His aunt, isn't she? What a treasure you have in her!"

"No; she is not his aunt. Mrs. Redmond,

* ENTERED, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1875, by H. APPLETON & Co., in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

I believe, was a Basil, and a cousin, once or twice removed. Yes, Pamela is a treasure in her way, certainly; but I attribute all Basil Redmond's boyish delinquencies to her injudicious indulgence. However, I would not be hard upon her. No doubt she has repented of that weakness, for she was very ill after he left, and cost me, I remember, a world of trouble." And Mrs. Basil reflected with pride that she had administered medicine to her sick house-keeper with her own hands. Then she rose to take leave, Miss Ruffner protesting that it was "early yet."

"No," said Mrs. Basil, "it is late. I am sorry not to have seen Cousin Elizabeth or your mother." (Mrs. Basil never called Mrs. Ruffner "cousin" if she could avoid it.) "I shall hope to have you at Basilwood soon; some day next week, say?"

Miss Ruffner could not promise; every thing depended upon dear Cousin Elizabeth's health; and then the two kissed each other, and Mrs. Basil drove away, her thoughts busy with Basil Redmond. That he, of all people in the world, should come with letters of recommendation to Mrs. Stargold! It was enough to make her rail against Fate.

But she did not rail against Fate; on the whole, she was rather disposed to regard Basil Redmond's return as a piece of good fortune. It might be possible through him to counteract the influence of the Ruffners upon her wealthy cousin. She was conscious, indeed, that she had been guilty of more than coldness toward him when he was a lad at Basilwood, but she meant, now, that he should forget the past. Pamela, usually so inhospitable, would aid her to welcome him, and he might be made to relieve her mind of those misgivings as to Miss Basil's designs upon Arthur, misgivings that would, now and again, return.

This thought, surely, was an inspiration! Mrs. Basil remembered that young Redmond had been fond of Baby Joanna when he was a school-boy at Basilwood, and, thought she, if Joanna's rustic appearance were a little improved, what might not be hoped for? Surely, now that he had proved himself worthy of being recommended to Mrs. Stargold's notice, a marriage between Basil Redmond, the judge's former ward, and the little Joanna, the judge's orphan granddaughter, would be highly satisfactory to all parties, and very creditable to herself, if she could bring it to pass. With little or no belief in love, Mrs. Basil had a strong feminine faith in a judicious marriage as the very best thing for young people; and what, she thought, could better insure a judicious marriage than an experienced head to plan it? In this, as in every thing else, young people ought to consider their duty to their elders, as it was manifestly impossible that their elders would have any object in view but the good of the inexperienced young people.

Mrs. Basil had never felt better pleased with herself than when this matrimonial scheme entered her head. She was ready at the moment to act upon it; and, just as the carriage was about to turn the corner of the avenue that led to Basilwood, she ordered old Thurston across the bridge, spanning the narrow but dangerous stream separating Up-

per Middleborough from the lower town where the shops are situated.

"Drive to Lebrun's, on Broad Street," she said, to old Thurston's inexpressible amazement, Mrs. Basil so seldom went into the lower town; and at that hour, when already lamps were beginning to be lighted, it was impossible to guess what she could want at Lebrun's, the fashionable milliner of Middleborough.

The carriage stopped in front of the large, conspicuous window, tricked out with all a modiste's cunning, and Mrs. Basil, leaning on her ivory-headed staff, entered the wide door.

She had not been within that sanctuary of dress and fashion for years, as she ordered her few hats and dresses from Westport; and yellow little Miss Lydia Crane, the head clerk, who spent her days fitting hats, matching ribbons, and lavishing compliments, and her nights in dreaming of lucky numbers in the lottery, quite lost her presence of mind.

When Mrs. Basil, leaning on her handsome staff, asked to look at white organdie polonaises, "something very chaste and simple, for a young person," the habitual flatterer, with her hand vacillating between two large, green paper-boxes, faltered forth:

"Is it for yourself, madam?" She had paid so many compliments in defiance of the truth that she was unconscious of the satire of her words, until Mrs. Basil replied, with strong dignity—

"For a very young person," I said.

Miss Crane apologized awkwardly, and pulled down one of the boxes with trembling hands. Mrs. Basil was now neither a woman of fashion nor a woman of means, everybody in Middleborough knew that; but she was still a person of some distinction, and her visits were an honor to boast of, all the greater honor because they were so rare; wherefore Miss Crane was more than usually anxious to be agreeable. The polonaises were exhibited, a great variety, and their merits descanted upon with that pliant eloquence which is everywhere the distinctive trait of a milliner's head-clerk.

Mrs. Basil, startled equally by the excessive trimming and the extravagant price of these airy habiliments, selected the plainest and least expensive, which was immediately pronounced by Miss Crane to be the most "researchy" of the assortment.

At Mrs. Basil's request, she obligingly proceeded to fold the purchase carefully in a box, endeavoring, meanwhile, to elicit some information in regard to Mrs. Stargold, whose advent had created an excitement among the gossips.

"Very low, I regret to hear she is, ma'am, your relative, Mrs. Stargold. A large fortune and a large connection."

Mrs. Basil was deaf and dumb; but Miss Crane was not to be repressed in the pursuit of knowledge. She purposely lingered over the package as she tied it, that she might gain time to ask:

"Is it true, then, ma'am, that her days are numbered?"

"Every one's days are numbered," answered Mrs. Basil, coldly.

"Very true," Miss Crane assented, obligingly. "We all do fade as a leaf," and

'death is the end of life.' Did I show you those fuschias? Not that you would wear the like, being out of colors; but as a work of art they'll bear examination."

Mrs. Basil quietly took out her purse and handed the garrulous little woman a bill.

"I do not wish to see the fuschias," she said.

"Sarah!" shrieked Miss Crane, pushing the bill along the counter to a pale, round-shouldered girl of fifteen, "change, quick, for Mrs. Basil. Seven twenty-five."

"Speaking of the number seven," she continued, with an air of mystery, turning again to Mrs. Basil, "I must tell you of a curious vision I had" (Miss Crane's dreams were all visions) "the very night your wealthy relative arrived. I shouldn't speak of it, but it strikes me it *does* concern you. In a vision of the night, Mrs. Stargold cried to me, in a loud voice, 'Fifty-six is the lucky number.' Oddly enough, too, fifty-six dollars and fifty-six cents was the amount of various bills I had been making out before I got me to bed, but that has nothing to do with it. The point is, ma'am, your coming into our rooms" (Madame Lebrun could not endure to have the word *shop* applied to her establishment) "the first time you've honored us these many years.—Yes, Sarah" (this with a nod to the round-shouldered girl who brought the change), "all right."

"It is late," said Mrs. Basil, with dignity, perceiving that Miss Crane was in no haste to make over the change.

"Sarah, lights, lights!" said Miss Crane, sharply. "Pardon the oversight, ma'am; it is late. But, as I was a-saying, any reflective mind must see that where there's eight letters to spell *Stargold*, and seven to spell *Hendall*, the natural result, by multiplication, is *fifty-six*."

"I think I must be going," said Mrs. Basil, haughtily; "if you will be kind enough to give me the change." There was a time when she would have walked out of the shop and left the two dollars and seventy-five cents due her for change; but Mrs. Basil couldn't throw away that sum on her dignity now.

"Oh, excuse me!" said Miss Crane, beginning immediately to count out the change; then, surrendering it with a profusion of thanks, she continued, volubly, while Mrs. Basil, with her accustomed deliberation, was disposing of her purse:

"I do hear, most strange of all, that Mr. Basil Redmond may be expected here any day."

Mrs. Basil looked up, involuntarily, with a keen glance, but quickly looked down again.

"I have my information from Rebecca that used to belong to Mrs. Paul Caruthers. Rebecca is engaged to cook for Mrs. Stargold, and she observes a good deal," said Miss Crane, eagerly. "Shall I show you some sashes? Polonaises are generally considered incomplete without a sash."

"No," replied Mrs. Basil; she had heard enough. "Good-evening."

"Good-evening," said Miss Crane, with unctiousness. "Sarah, here! This box, I say, to Mrs. Basil's carriage, quick.—Always so happy to serve you, ma'am."

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"Home, Thurston!" said Mrs. Basil, in a voice more than usually authoritative. It was intolerable to see her own sordid speculations reflected by this odious little gossip. Yet, as she leaned back in her carriage, she remembered to have heard that Miss Crane had once dreamed of a lucky number in some lottery, and had very nearly gone mad because the person to whom she revealed it purchased the ticket, and drew the prize. When she remembered this, Mrs. Basil caught herself spelling the names *Stargold* and *Hendall* on her fingers; but finding, by the same test, that the name of Ruffner also was composed of seven letters, she blushed with contempt at her own fatuity, and at once dismissed the superstition, as she would have dismissed any other impertinent intruder.

When she arrived at Basilwood, she sent the green box immediately to her room, whither she followed without delay, and, dismissing the prying Myra, she fastened her door, and proceeded to ransack her wardrobe with some impatience.

"A sash," she mused. "Here is my handsome Roman sash, that has not seen the light for years. But my day is over; I shall never want such finery again. Joanna is young; let her take it, and the fan and handkerchief along with it."

Mrs. Basil sighed as she took out a stiff, gorgeous sash, and, with it, a lace handkerchief and an ivory fan, both of them "*tout jadis de la renfermée*," to use George Sand's expressive but untranslatable phrase. These articles she placed in the box with the polonaise, and looked all quickly out of sight, as if the long-disused finery recalled some painful memories.

CHAPTER XII.

I CARE NOT, FORTUNE, WHAT YOU ME DENY.

The little Joanna, walking home from the town, had not a penny in her purse, and no expectations from any wealthy relative; yet it is doubtful whether Mrs. Basil, in the days of her riches and her glory, ever was as happy as this careless girl who had just expended her whole fortune—a long-hoarded gold-piece—for a chromo, known in the catalogue as "*The Bluebird's Nest*."

Many different things had Joanna meant, at various times, to do with that precious five-dollar piece—all manner of purchases had she debated, but she had never dreamed of buying a picture. Had she but left her money at home when she went "across the bridge" on Miss Basil's errand, she might still look forward to a new hat, or some fresh ribbons, or a long-coveted pink lawn that adorned Jones & Atkinson's window; but she would not, in that case, have been the happy possessor of that exquisite treasure which seemed to assemble, in a little square of pasteboard, all the charms of spring. Had she left that money at home—But what girl of seventeen, with five dollars of her own, likes to go into the streets without her purse?

Not Joanna, assuredly. Although she could think of nothing that she particularly

needed to buy at that time, she yet must take her little hoard; for, without it, she would have been a stranger to that comfortable sense of independence which is the natural result of carrying a purse of gold all one's own. Then, too, how easy was self-denial, with the means of gratification at hand! Joanna could pass by the flaunting ribbons in Lebrun's gay windows without a sigh; she could turn away from the pink lawn at Jones & Atkinson's without a pang, knowing that, did she choose, she might have either ribbons or lawn. With her talismanic gold-piece in her pocket, nor lawns, nor ribbons, nor any other finery, had power to tempt her; but, when she came to the deep, wide window of Carter the stationer, she wavered, for here the gold-piece began to change its character; for a talisman it became a snare.

Joanna could at any time pass Lebrun's more easily than Carter's. Had she been wealthy, she would have patronized him liberally; as it was, she never failed, on the few occasions when she went into the town, to pay his window the homage of the eyes; and, having accomplished Miss Basil's errand, she stood now fascinated by the parade of pictures, not knowing which most to admire, until her enraptured gaze fell upon "*The Bluebird's Nest*," which elicited from her a half-suppressed cry of joyful recognition.

The daylight was fading fast, the picture looked but dim; yet Joanna's quick and sympathetic vision could discern the delicate tints of the mossed apple-bough, in a notch of which the round little nest was so cunningly framed. While she lingered, loath to depart, a clerk came to the window and lighted a jet of gas; when, as if by magic, the mossed apple-bough displayed an exquisite cluster of apple-blossoms. Joanna almost fancied that she could smell them. The glow of rapturous delight that had suffused her face faded slowly, and was succeeded by the pallor of a deep resolve. She had determined to possess that picture. She said to herself: "I have withstood the ribbons; I have denied myself all the frivolities of dress; I do not see why I may not, therefore, have this picture for the nourishment of my mind." And she walked resolutely into the store.

A gentleman was standing with his back against the show-case on the opposite side from that where the picture was; but Joanna would hardly have noticed him, had he not stared at her so earnestly that she felt embarrassed, and a little alarmed. He did not cease to scrutinize her even when Mr. Carter brought him a package of paper, with the remark:

"This, sir, is the very best article in the market."

Middleborough people always keep the best of every thing in their line, if one may believe all they say.

The gentleman, appearing to examine the paper, continued to glance furtively, now and again, at Joanna, who, however, had ceased to be conscious of his notice from the moment she held the chromo in her covetous grasp. The price was five dollars—all the money she had in the world. The information startled her; but, on near inspection, the picture proved absolutely irresistible.

"I'll take it," said she, recklessly; and she surrendered her gold-piece without one regret, but not without a certain sense of guilt, that, while it blurred her vision, it rendered her hearing preternaturally acute. Every word that the fat and pompous stationer uttered seemed to strike upon her ears with the sonorousness of a trumpet, and to condemn her purchase as folly.

"You were inquiring about the Basils, sir?" said Mr. Carter, with the loud, aggressive tone of a man ready to proclaim his sentiments to the multitude. "Well, sir, the old judge died, ten years or so ago, not worth a cent; no, sir! not a cent, more's the pity! A fine gentleman he was, of the old school—not fit for these times. Left a granddaughter, by name Joanna"—how Joanna started!—"and that queer Miss Basil, a distant cousin, as I've heard. The two live with the judge's widow, as grand a lady, sir, as ever stepped, snow-white hair, ivory-headed staff, and all; but no fortune; nothing left but the old Basilwood place, and rickety, sir, rickety that place is, as never you saw!" Here Mr. Carter raised his hands and eyes, and shook his head. His own place was the most complete little gingerbread villa in all the country about Middleborough. "They've none so much money to spend, I fancy," he added, charitably.

"Give me my package, please," said Joanna to the clerk that was waiting upon her. "None so much money to spend," rang in her ears like a reproach. Though she had but spent her own money, she felt like a thief, and she hurried away as if she feared the officers of justice might follow; but what she really feared was Miss Basil's condemnation of her purchase. "No matter," was her philosophical reflection, as she pursued her way home; "whatever I buy, Pamela says it shows a lack of judgment. Nothing would satisfy her taste but over-shoes and flannel petticoats."

The stranger who had not ceased to watch Joanna while she remained in the store, turned abruptly to Mr. Carter, as soon as she was gone, and said:

"I'll take that chromo, "*The Bluebird's Nest*."

"Why, sir," said the clerk that had waited on Joanna, "it is just this moment sold. It was Judge Basil's granddaughter bought it."

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed Mr. Carter, in unfeigned astonishment. "Why, its price is five dollars, Phillips."

"She paid for it in gold, sir," said Phillips. "She was in a great hurry, too."

"Well! that's what I call he-red-it-ary extravagance," said Mr. Carter, waving his hands, by way of being emphatic. "The old judge, sir, rest his lavish soul, never could resist that class of articles. It's a pity, sir, we had but the one; but if you'll call to-morrow I'll endeavor to recover it for you. Something else would suit her as well."

"No, no, indeed," said the stranger; "let her keep it, by all means. It is of no importance; let it go."

Foolish, foolish, little Joanna! What had she in exchange for her gold-piece but a bit of card-board, with a picture of a bird's-nest,

such as one might find, any day, in the orchards?

But one must see through other organs than the eyes of the flesh to comprehend the foolishness of a heart like hers. To the little Joanna this bluebird's nest was something more than an exquisite picture of a familiar object; it was an embodiment of sentiments, distinct, indeed, and full of charm, but indefinable. It was not only that the intoxicating perfume of her favorite apple-blossoms was in that delicately-tinted cluster; it was not only that the voice of the pretty warbler was in that downy nest; a sentiment of peace and consolation was associated in her mind with a bird's tiny home; an association that had its forgotten origin far back in Joanna's early childhood, at a time when she experienced her first great grief, the scalping of her wax-doll by her sister Anita. A tall, strong youth, Joanna's earliest friend, whom she had long forgotten, took pity on the heart-broken baby, wiped away her tears of impotent rage, and, lifting her in his arms, carried her to the orchard, where, on the bough of an old apple-tree, he showed her just so charming a little nest as the one in the picture, and told her a wonderful story of the mother-bird and the three speckled eggs. It was not that Joanna remembered all this when she determined to possess the picture; the incident had been long forgotten, but the impression remained, and had its influence on her determination.

Her happiness, however, was not a little chilled, after the first ecstatic thrill of possession, by the reflection that she must enjoy the picture alone. She shrank from confessing her purchase to Miss Basil, not so much through dread of her displeasure as through fear of the contempt she would be sure to display for her treasure. "If only Pamela could feel about it as I do, I could give it to her with joy," thought Joanna—for she was not selfish—"but, oh, I never could brave her looking sideways at it, and lamenting my lack of judgment."

Thereupon Joanna resolved to put off the evil day; she would not confess an extravagance she could not regret, but she would try to be very, very good, in order to make amends; and she was so quiet, so gentle, so brisk and industrious the next morning about her various little household duties that Miss Basil began to feel encouraged. The good woman was thoroughly satisfied that Hannah More's sage discourse "On Time considered as a Talent" had produced a radical change for the better in her heedless young cousin's character.

Little did she understand the case. Joanna was yet young enough to forget her sufferings, how poignant soever they might be, and she remembered no more of the wisdom that emanated from Barley Grove than she did of the woful penalty once incurred by helping herself unbidden to raspberry-jam. As soon as her work was over for the morning, and she could enjoy a moment of leisure with a clear conscience, Joanna was again an idler in the irresistible garden.

Arthur Hendall, sauntering down the walks, saw her sitting in the shadow of the mimosa-tree, where he had encountered Miss

Basil, and his curiosity was strongly excited to know what she could be studying so intently; for Joanna was absorbed in the contemplation of her treasure.

"Pray what have you there?" he asked, seating himself beside her on the weather-beaten bench.

She put the picture into his hands at once.

"Look!" she said. "I bought that with all the money I had in the world; and it is well worth it, don't you think so? I understand now the sense of Pamela's saying, 'Work is a blessing,' for work makes money, and money can buy such things as these."

"And you, too, Joanna," said Arthur, "you believe in money, like the rest of your sex?"

"Surely," said Joanna, with childlike simplicity, "it is a good thing to believe in! See what it will buy! Pamela wishes to make me industrious, and last year she offered me a—*a proportion* of the profits on the honey, if I would take care of the bees. Taking care of the bees is easy enough; but I had to keep the accounts, to teach me business habits, you know, and that was—*intolerable*. But I see the good of all that, now that I have bought this lovely picture."

"Does it not need a frame, Joanna?" young Hendall asked, with a generous desire to add to her happiness.

"Is that all you can say for it?" cried Joanna, indignantly.

"Surely it is saying much to imply that it is worthy of a frame," replied Arthur, with ready tact. "To be loud in praise is to be commonplace," he added, sententiously.

"Is it?" said Joanna, pondering this axiom deeply, for she saw that it might be useful to her, some day, when she should come to mingle in the world. "Perhaps you are right; it does need a frame," she said, presently, studying the picture critically with her head on one side.

"Then do let me give you a frame!" cried Arthur, impetuously. "I have never yet given you any thing worth keeping; let me give you a frame—"

He stopped suddenly, checked by the expression of Joanna's face; for she had risen, and was standing, looking at him with rebuking eyes.

"No, thank you," she said, with a stiffness that made her appear years older—"no, thank you, Mr. Hendall, I could not."

"You never accept any thing from me," said Arthur, piqued.

Joanna blushed.

"Oh, yes," she said; "you forget the flower-seed."

"Flower-seed!" repeated Arthur, impatiently. "What do flower-seed amount to? And didn't you remind me cruelly that you would be planting them in my—in soil not your own?"

Joanna hung her head.

"That was unkind, my little friend," continued Arthur, throwing prudence and all his aunt's counsels to the winds. "After I had told you, too, that this should always be your home," he continued, with tender reproach. "Now, little Joanna, to heal my wounded feelings, let me give you the frame."

He tried to take her hand, but Joanna recoiled, trembling; she felt instinctively that Miss Basil would not approve, and, besides, she had her own ideas of propriety, and she meant to adhere to them. She would have been very peremptory, if she could have found her voice; but a strange fear and a strange wonder possessed her so that she could only shake her head dumbly.

"But why?" persisted Arthur. "I mean why not?"

"Our—our circumstances—are different," said Joanna, folding her hands with dignity, and looking at him with a sort of pathetic appealing in her large, dark eyes. "I could not—"

"O Joanna!" said Arthur, reproachfully.

"If I were a young lady in society, Mr. Hendall," she began, with great deliberation; but suddenly stopped short, coloring painfully.

"If you were a young lady in society?" repeated Arthur, expectantly. From some cause or other, the opinion of this young lady who was not in society interested him deeply.

But Joanna hardly knew what she would say. Arthur's manner, his words, the tone of his voice, full of a new significance, gave her a sense of strangeness, delightful perhaps, from its novelty, but too perplexing to be endured.

"You—oh, you have spoiled the pleasure of my picture for me!" she cried, suddenly; for, indeed, she knew not what else was the matter, to make her so strangely uncomfortable. "Why did you—*open this discussion*?"

With a swift, unexpected motion, she snatched the picture from the bench, and before young Hendall could master the surprise caused by this little outburst she was far down the walk. He called to her in vain; Joanna would neither wait nor turn back, for she desired nothing so much at that moment as to be alone.

BITTER FRUIT:

A STORY IN A PROLOGUE AND THREE CHAPTERS.

(From Advance-Sheets.)

CHAPTER II.

— NOON.

UNDER an awning, beneath the foliage which shaded the terrace, Colonel Murray lay sleeping, lulled by a lie—strange anomaly; but it had dissipated the horrible fear of the sick man. Far away in Paris—be it so! Anywhere, what matter the whereabouts of such a woman? But not at his bedside. Lulled, too, by the assurance of a true heart, death or life, the idol of his soul, Minnie, was safe in the guardianship of a trusty friend.

A sore burden lay on Dr. Sholto, as he watched at the side of his friend's couch. He was a brave man, and he had never failed in meeting duty face to face; but in the perplexity of his soul he mourned that he had ever crossed over to Scutari; and yet he had.

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by Heaven's blessing, averted the terrible disclosure which would have been sure death to his smitten friend. That the woman must go was very clear; and yet she alone had saved her husband's life. But it was his duty to send her away at all hazards, and the slender thread of life must needs be left to the careless praying of the hireling and the stranger.

And how to meet this woman, branded with an indelible sin, and yet revered by all around as a saint, an angel of mercy and good works, bearing the stamp of a holy mission on her pale and weary face?

Dr. Sholto met her, as he met most people, bluntly and to the point, yet kindly and with an air of deep respect. The Sister Superior had made Mrs. Murray lie down in her own room, and, after attending her with the utmost solicitude, had left her in the hope that sleep would presently come with restoring power; but the moment she was left alone she stole back, drawn by irresistible fascination, to her husband's room. Her fear of Dr. Sholto was lost in anxiety for the invalid. She hurried up to the couch.

"Is he asleep?" she inquired, in anxious tones.

"Soundly asleep, thank Heaven!" and Dr. Sholto led her gently away from the couch. "It is my duty to tell you that you must leave this hospital at once."

"Have mercy on me, Dr. Sholto!"

"I leave this evening; you will leave before I leave."

"Let me stay, for Heaven's sake!"

"I am inexorable, madam."

"He will die if I go."

"He will assuredly die if he discover the truth," replied Dr. Sholto, sternly. "You heard his words; if I had not told a deliberate lie, it would have been his death."

"He shall never know the truth," replied Mrs. Murray, in accents of despair. "I swear it! Never know that I was his wife! Have mercy; you knew me in happy days; you kissed me on my wedding-day—his oldest friend! Have mercy on me now!"

"I must have mercy on him."

She felt Dr. Sholto was inexorable; but still she pleaded in agonized voice.

"I tell you I have saved his life—they all say so; I watched him day and night with breathless care. Through all that dreadful time his life was absolutely in my hands. O weary pain! O listless restlessness!—his head found its only place on my bosom."

Dr. Sholto gave way to an expression of indignation.

"Your bosom! His head on your bosom! O degradation! better he had died!"

"No, Dr. Sholto," she answered, firmly; and for a moment she clung for support to the noble reputation she had won. "Purged by bitter repentance; worthy now of doing woman's highest work;" but the next moment brought back anguish and despair. "What, leave him! Impossible; who will care for him as I have cared? Let me remain a few days longer," she pleaded, piteously, "and then I'll go, and never look upon him again."

"Impossible, I say. Why did you place yourself in this terrible position?"

"It was not my seeking," she answered. "I swear it, solemnly. When I heard that he had been brought here, I trembled at the thought lest I might be called to nurse him; shame-stricken, yet dying to see him once more, I dared not venture near his presence; but it was a desperate case, and I was considered the most skillful nurse—lightest hand, where a feather's touch was pain—and the order came to me to be his nurse. I obeyed; it was God's doing, not mine. God's bitterest punishment on my sin; for at last I was taught to know the worth and love I had lost forever; taught to know too late the hidden value of that chivalrous heart. O Dr. Sholto! his burning head found fitful rest upon my bosom—close to my heart, and yet the width of the eternal gulf between us! Have mercy! I have done all I could; let me finish this work and die!" She sank down exhausted on a bench.

Dr. Sholto was deeply touched. "I pity you, indeed I do, from the bottom of my heart; but still I am bound to act in this matter according to the dictates of common prudence. Colonel Murray is better—more thoroughly himself; the chances of discovery are thereby increased and are increasing daily; you would not wish to undo the good work you have done?"

"Heaven forbid!"

"You would not desire to endanger the life your devotion has saved; go, then, at once. I believe you have saved his life—be that your consolation."

Mrs. Murray felt the force of all that Dr. Sholto urged.

"I am in your hands," she said, with resignation. "I will go; I will give up the one hope of my miserable existence."

"What hope?" he asked.

"His forgiveness."

"Impossible!"

"I had hoped one day to ask forgiveness for her—his wife. I have saved his life, and he knows it; let him, for my sake, for Graham's sake, forgive his wretched wife."

"Again, impossible; the risk would be too great—you would betray yourself; this must not be done."

"I bend to your decree."

"Nay, his safety."

"Be it so. I will die unforgiven—fit punishment! But how can I go? What excuse?" she asked, in a voice of despair—"what excuse?"

"Your health."

"I have sworn to die at my post!—can I turn back now? The women I have led on, animated by my example, would laugh me to scorn."

"Better, at all events, deride your weakness than your sin. You must tell him your health is failing; you leave here by my advice to save your own life; in short, you must say that you are bound to think of yourself."

"Think of myself!" she exclaimed with bitterness, "and I have striven these years past to forget myself. Oh, fearful retribution! thrust back upon myself after all. Enough of self. You promised, if he died, to take care of our child. Bless you for that! Our child—link 'twixt him and me which no

divorce can break asunder. Dr. Sholto, I, on my part, give her into your hands with a solemn charge."

Mrs. Murray spoke in a low, deliberate tone, but every word was wrung out with agony.

"When Minnie is old enough, when womanhood bursts brightly upon her, when her young eyes are dazzled with this world's glamour of smile and charm—break in upon that brightness with my story; paint it in darkest colors of truth—the false words which deluded—the false sentiments which lured me on—let her know it all, vain, frivolous, heartless coquette. Have no mercy on me, her mother; for her sake, my child—let those dark thoughts of me be her safeguard—promise!"

"I will tell her at the proper time," replied Dr. Sholto, solemnly, and he turned away his face to hide a tear.

"Without pity," she urged with vehemence—"without mercy—holding me up to bitterest scorn and contempt. If she too fall, be it on your head! One word more: five thousand pounds stand in my name at Drummond's, a legacy from my uncle in India, payable to my check. That money is hers absolutely."

"I fear he will not let her touch it."

"My child as well as his. I am no longer his wife, but I am her mother. I repeat, that money is hers absolutely—I desire to place it in safe hands."

"But surely," objected Dr. Sholto, "you will require some of this money for yourself—the interest, at least, during your life."

"I want money enough to keep body and soul," she answered, in a tone of sarcasm; "I can earn it—and a grave; they'll give me that. I constitute you her trustee; the interest to be spent on her education—the principal to be hers when of age. Can you draw such an instrument?"

"I will get it drawn."

"Do so; I'll sign it and go."

"You will speak to him when he wakes?"

"I promise! One word, Dr. Sholto, before you leave me. I know you will be very kind to Minnie—a firm hand, oh, but very gentle. I know what she is; just touch her heart, and she's conquered in a moment."

Dr. Sholto grasped Mrs. Murray's quivering hand with his honest grasp.

"Tell her some day," she murmured, the tears falling from her eyes—"tell her, if you can—"

"Yes, dear lady," he answered, kindly.

She drew her hand from his grasp, and brushed away her tears. "No, don't tell her that I loved her, that I carried her little face in my bosom—my one hope, my one consolation—no; heartless, vain, frivolous to the end—tell her that—always that." She turned away from Dr. Sholto. "Never on earth," she murmured, "but in heaven, perhaps in heaven;" and she struggled to a seat near the colonel's couch. Dr. Sholto left her; he felt it was a case beyond man's mending.

And now for the last time they were alone. Sleep took away his pain and sorrow; sleep surrendered him into her hands—they were husband and wife once more—sound sleep, and she could call him by the old fa-

miliar name, in undertones of despairing love and tenderness; she could talk of the old times; she could recall the old scenes of happiness. For her soul's comfort, she could pour into the dull ear of sleep the confession of that sin and suffering which weighed upon her soul; she could kneel at his side, and, with lightest pressure on his worn hands, pray for the forgiveness she durst not seek when consciousness returned.

He awoke; husband and wife were parted—he was Colonel Murray, and she was nurse Graham; he awoke, speaking incoherently, as waking from a dream. Oftentimes, to her exceeding comfort, there was a link of sympathy between his dream and her waking thoughts. Her thoughts had been his thoughts in the realm of sleep; hand-in-hand, as she sat at his bedside, the thoughts of both had traveled, the one in painful wakefulness, the other in soothing sleep, among old memories of the better days.

"Where am I, Graham?"

"Here, colonel; at Scutari—the hospital."

"Only a dream, then; it was so vivid, though. I was walking under the cool trees, with the fresh ferns about me, and the clear rills trickling down the valley-sides. Were you ever at Lynton, Graham—Watersmeet, by the rustic bridge?"

"Yes, sir."

It was very strange, her waking thoughts had been wandering amid that pleasant valley.

"That was the spot," continued the colonel, "as plainly as if I were there; she was walking with me—we often used to walk there in the old days. It was on that very bridge she swore to love me—a lie! a lie! Why dream of a lie? Why wake to be mocked by a lie?" And he turned restlessly on the couch. She raised his head tenderly, and smoothed his pillow, and gave him some cooling drink. "Bless you, Graham!" and he pressed her hand in thankfulness for her service. "It's getting rather too hot and glary here; I think I'll go back to my room. Where are the orderlies?"

"They will be here directly."

And now to her terrible task. She schooled her voice as best she might. "I have something I am obliged to say, colonel, if you will allow me—"

"What is it, Graham—what is it?"

"I am sorry to say my strength has been failing lately: I fainted this morning."

"Sholto told me so. Forgive me for not inquiring—but, alas! illness makes us very selfish. I hope you are better now?"

"For the time, colonel; but I feel I am quite unequal to my present work. The fact is, I require thorough rest. I must leave the hospital."

"Leave the hospital!" he exclaimed, in an anxious voice. "O Graham, is it really as bad as that?"

"Dr. Sholto says so; he tells me I shall utterly break down if I remain here a day longer; in short, I must leave at once."

"If Sholto says so, you must go," replied the colonel, in tones of deep regret. "Heaven forbid I should keep you one moment longer; you've done too much for me

already. I owe my life to you, Graham—my life, I say, to you and God's mercy—" At this moment Dr. Bentley came his rounds.

"Well, Graham, how are you getting on?" he inquired, briskly.

"The colonel has just awoke, sir."

"Rather flushed, eh?" observed Bentley, looking at the patient. "Pulse too rapid—some disturbance in the system."

"It's nothing, doctor," said the colonel; "only for the moment. Graham tells me she is obliged to leave us; her health is broken down by hard work."

"That all!" exclaimed Bentley, in a tone of affected derision. "Egad! that's the case with all of us.—We can't let you go, Graham; you're not half had enough for that."

"Sholto tells her so," observed the colonel.

"Sholto be hanged! Sholto sha'n't deprive me of my best nurse.—Let me feel your pulse, Graham—fair enough; wants a little power, perhaps. A tonic will soon set you up."

"Indeed, sir, I fear it's worse than that."

Bentley feared so too, and he drew Graham out of ear-shot of the colonel.

"You may be somewhat shaken by this hard work," said he, kindly; "I don't say you're not. I'll take care you get a longer spell of rest; but I tell you, if you go, that man won't live. I'm speaking seriously, mind; and besides that, if you desert your post, the rest of the nurses will leave us. My good woman, you must stay. Come, that's settled;" and Bentley returned to the colonel.

"Cheer up, my friend! Graham isn't going to leave us just yet. It's a cunning dodge of Sholto's—confound him!—trying to carry off our best nurse. Make yourself quite comfortable, colonel, Graham will remain with you.—Let him have the composing draught as soon as he returns to his room," whispered Bentley, in the nurse's ear; "full measure, mind, and for Heaven's sake don't leave us, or the whole hospital will go to the deuce."

The colonel was presently carried back into his room by the orderlies, his head resting on Mrs. Murray's arm, and the curtains of the window were closed on nurse and patient—husband and wife.

"Poor woman," muttered Bentley, as he watched the nurse's solicitude and care; "no wonder she's knocked up—done enough to kill a horse—but, short-handed as we are, I can't afford to let her go. A touch of the lady in her, I'll be sworn. Breed's the thing, after all: an ounce of blood is worth a pound of bone—egad, I must be moving on!"

"One moment!" exclaimed the Sister Superior, as she hurried to catch Dr. Bentley.

"Well, ma'am, any thing wrong?"

"Your usual greeting, doctor."

"I'm always afraid of seeing you," replied Bentley, with good-natured *brusquerie*; "your presence is always the harbinger of some misfortune."

"Ah, doctor!" replied the Sister Superior, with a smile, "misfortunes usually do bring us together; however, just now I meet you with a happier purpose. The command-

ant has placed in my hands Colonel Murray's Victoria Cross, which he has just received from the War-Office, for presentation to the colonel. I want to know when we had better give it to him?"

"Not just now," replied Bentley. "He's gone back to his room, a little matter disturbed; let him have a few hours' repose, after that—"

But Bentley was unable to finish his sentence. An orderly came with an urgent requisition for his attendance, and he hurried away.

The Sister Superior beckoned to Travers, who had followed her on to the terrace, but had remained apart during her conversation with Bentley.

"Come, Mr. Leslie, we are alone now. Mrs. Graham—excuse me, Mrs. Leslie, I mean—"

The Sister Superior grew somewhat confused.

"No matter as to names, madam. I am ashamed to sail under false colors, but you know my motive—I do it for her sake. She is here, is she?"

"Close here—that room;" and the Sister Superior pointed to Colonel Murray's room, at the same time laying a restraining hand on Travers's arm. "A few minutes—she is in attendance on her patient."

"O madam!" he exclaimed, in fervent voice, and his arm trembled with emotion, "if you only knew how anxious I am to declare to her my repentance—my sorrow and contrition for past transgressions!"

"I do believe you, sir; but still I must ask your patience—a sad case—you've heard of Colonel Murray?"

"Colonel Murray!" exclaimed Travers, with a violent start.

"The engineer-officer—the hero of the Victoria Cross—blind, helpless now."

"You say she is nursing him?"

"More than nursing; her devotion has saved his life."

"Saved his life!" echoed Travers, deeply moved.

"Yes, sir. Be proud! this is the noble creature you seek; this is the great reward your repentance has won. One moment;" and the Sister Superior went to the room and listened a while at the curtains.

Upton Travers was deeply interested in all the Sister Superior had said.

Of pleasant, sweet, gentle aspect was Upton Travers—light, golden hair, clear blue eyes, and a pleasant smile. He possessed a wonderful power of deception, because he possessed a wonderful power of assimilating the feelings and sentiments of those around him. What others felt, he felt. His hypocrisy was not the glaze of the surface, it sprang from the depth of his feelings. It mattered not if people were religious, he felt religious; he readily responded to every enthusiasm of life—sincerity itself could not feel more sincerely than he felt—a charming companion, a sort of cunning instrument which lent itself to every touch, and answered in sympathetic tones; with regard to feeling, the *mécanique* of a saint; with regard to heart, the heart of a devil; he believed in one God, and he worshiped one God,

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himself, and his fears were limited to the fear of bodily pain and discomfort.

Upton Travers had come to Scutari to play a desperate game, and behold, the trump cards were in his hands.

"Is it possible!" he murmured, with exultation, "Colonel Murray, and she has saved his life!—a dream!—no, I'm awake. Those were the very words."

The Sister Superior returned from the window with an assuring smile on her face.

"In a minute or two more I shall be able to restore her to you."

"Bless you, madam, for all your goodness!" and he pressed the Sister's hand in gratitude.

"By-the-way," continued the Sister, "I've had no opportunity of preparing her for this interview; perhaps I had better break it to her first—tell her that you—her husband—"

"Yes, her husband!" he replied, with emphasis. "Oh, but not worthy of that sacred name—not worthy—alas, she will refuse that name to me!" and the blue eyes were suffused with tears.

"My good friend, take courage," said the Sister Superior, touched to the heart; "believe me, it's not what you were, but what, by Heaven's mercy, you are now. Leave me with her for a moment;" and she led him aside. "Once more, courage! she possesses a noble, generous nature; she will forgive you, I know she will—there's my hand on it;" and she pressed his trembling hand with her own true, heart-felt grasp.

Travers stood aside among the shrubs, and the Sister went to the window.

"Graham," she called, in a low tone.

"Yes, Sister," replied Mrs. Murray, opening the curtain.

"Is the colonel asleep?"

"Soundly, thanks to the draught."

"You may leave him a little," said the Sister, placing her arm round Mrs. Murray's waist, and drawing her away from the room. "I have something very particular to tell you. Ah, dear lady," she continued, in a voice of great tenderness, "you have thought much of others, let others think a little about you. I trust that this day will bring you great consolation. I believe your present sorrow is only a shadow of past happiness. Have confidence; this shadow is about to die away in present joy."

"What do you mean, Sister?" asked Mrs. Murray, in great perplexity.

"Your husband—"

"My husband! Great God, is the truth known?" she exclaimed, in terrified voice; and she clung for support to the Sister's arm.

"Compose yourself, my dear," said the Sister, kindly, "nothing is known; he has not breathed one word about the past. For your sake—for both your sakes—he has been silent; but I can guess the whole sad story. He left you—deserted you—but Heaven has touched his heart; he assures me of his sincere repentance."

"He!—who?" asked Mrs. Murray, utterly bewildered.

"Your husband."

"I have no husband!"

"Not even if he repent?"

"I don't understand you."

"He has been with me."

"His name?"

"For both your sakes he has withheld his name."

The horrible possibility of Travers having followed her to Scutari flashed into her mind.

"Has that wretch dared to set foot here?" she exclaimed, in a tone of indignation mingled with terror. "I will never see him again—never, never! For mercy's sake," she cried, "don't let that man enter my presence, it's too fearful! Oh! is there no refuge left for me on earth?"

"Yes," replied the Sister, somewhat dismayed by Mrs. Murray's intense emotion; "his repentant heart. Consider, he has followed you here for the purpose of reparation."

Travers felt the propitious moment had arrived. He came from his hiding-place, and knelt at her feet.

"Margaret, forgive me; I have deeply sinned."

"That voice!" she exclaimed, with a shudder, and she averted her eyes in horror and disgust.

"Have mercy on him!" pleaded the Sister; "at least listen to his prayer. Don't cast him back on despair; maybe your forgiveness will secure his salvation. Remember, we poor sinners all need forgiveness." And the Sister left them; she rejoiced in the work she had done. "A great wrong, doubtless, followed by a noble Christian forgiveness; God bless them both!" and she went about her hospital-work light-hearted, in the reward of a good conscience.

The terrace was quite deserted; all the invalids and hospital attendants had retired to their respective rooms by reason of the noonday heat.

He remained kneeling, with his eyes bent on the ground.

"Why are you here—what do you want?" she asked, in tones of loathing and contempt.

"What I dare scarcely hope for," he answered, in a trembling voice—"your forgiveness. O Margaret! I left you in Paris. I was cruel, harsh; but I was ruined, compromised. They were on my track; I was forced to fly."

"And you left me to perish, to die of want."

"Don't remind me of the past; I can't defend it. I have bitterly repented."

"A little repentance," she retorted, scornfully, "spent at German gambling-tables."

"A man must live."

"And a woman may die," she answered, bitterly. "I have lived; I, too, have repented. I am no longer Margaret Murray; I am Mrs. Graham, a hospital nurse."

"This miserable dress!" he murmured. "Oh, shame that you should have sunk so low!"

"So low, and yet far higher than the mistress of Upton Travers."

"I swore I would marry you as soon as that divorce was gained."

"Lower still," she answered, contemptuously.

"Not so bitter with me, Margaret," he replied, in a deprecating tone; and he rose to his feet. "It's all the reparation I can

make. I have followed you here—sought you out for this very purpose; at least an honest woman in the eyes of the world—my wife."

"Your wife! I prefer shame to such honesty!"

"Margaret, have a little mercy!" and tears dimmed his eyes. "I have erred, deeply erred; but I have repented from the bottom of my heart. Come, it's not too late to realize our old dream of love."

"Hideous delusion, which lured me to destruction!"

"Not so; we'll create a new world of our own—my life devoted to your happiness. I have money now, plenty of money. I ask you to share it."

"Fruit of the gambling-table!"

"No matter; I ask you to share it. Money enough for every luxury; not miserable garments like these—not hard, coarse fare—not menial service. Shame on the thought! I am in earnest, on my honor."

He did seem in earnest, and her heart was touched.

"I am willing to believe it," she answered, in softened tone; "I am willing to believe that, in your way, you have repented of the past. I am very happy to think so. I will not utter one word of reproach. I will only make one request—that you leave me."

He felt her change of tone and manner; it was a presage of victory.

"Leave you, Margaret? Impossible!"

"Leave me, and I will forgive the wrongs you have done."

"Come, Margaret," he urged, "this is foolish. Come back to the world with me; there's brightness and effervescence yet in the cup of life."

"Your words grate horribly in my ears," she answered, with a shudder. "That accursed life! I have repented, if you have not. All I ask is—leave me."

"Never, Margaret—dearest Margaret—I swear, never!"

"Let me end my task here, and die in peace. I will forgive you—pray for you—only go, pray go!"

"You will not return with me to the world—share my money, be my wife, live a life of happiness and joy?"

"No!—irrevocably, no! I forgive you all my misery—all my bitter sorrow: a large sum of wretchedness to forgive, but I do forgive you. Farewell—my duties! I must leave you now."

"I must remain," he answered, in a changed tone.

"You cannot remain here."

"I must!" and he threw himself on a bench.

"Impossible! Your presence will betray me."

"Be that as it may," he replied, with dogged resolution.

"Tell the Sister Superior that I have forgiven you—that we have mutually agreed to part."

"I cannot leave you, Margaret."

"You have the world before you," she urged, in dismay at his manner; "you have money."

"No!"

"You said money."

"Not a penny, I say."

"You asked me to share your money," she repeated, emphatically.

"I did, but I'd none to share."

"Liar!" she exclaimed, in the vehemence of her feeling.

"Yes, liar," he answered, calmly; "it's the truth."

"What does this mean?"

"It means that I want to share your money."

"What money?" she asked, contemptuously; "my wages here?"

"No, at Drummond's; don't prevaricate," he retorted, sharply.

"You knew it, then?"

"I knew it, and therefore I sought you out."

"Scoundrel!—mean, pitiful scoundrel! You sought me in vain. Thank Heaven, the mask is dragged from your lying face. Listen to me, once for all. That money at my bank is a sacred sum, which shall never be touched by you or me; no, not if we were dying for want of bread."

He had lit a cigarette while she was speaking, and flung himself back at his ease on the bench.

"A good round sum," he answered, amid whiffs of smoke. "Don't talk of dying. Ten thousand pounds—oh, ye gods, a delicious sum!"

"That money is my child's fortune; it is sacred to her. Not one penny—not one penny," she replied, with rapid utterance.

"Plain speaking now, Margaret," he answered, with a smile. "Not your child's fortune, but mine!"

"Fool!" she exclaimed, contemptuously.

"Not fool!—knave, may be—not fool!" he answered, with quiet deliberation.

"Fool or knave, you've had my answer. So it was my money you sought! Miserable gamester, you've shown your hand too soon; your cards are played out—go!"

"Pardon me," he answered, inhaling a deep whiff—"a small trump thrown away, that's all. I hold better cards."

"You come here too late, Upton Travers; the game's over," she answered, derisively. "I have made Staff-Surgeon Sholto trustee on behalf of my daughter; it only remains for me to execute the deed. He has just left me for the purpose of having it drawn. He will return soon," she added, significantly. Upton Travers lighted another cigarette. "I repeat, he will return soon. I've warned you, mind; go, before you are expelled."

"Why expelled?" he inquired, with the utmost unconcern.

"You will not dare to face Dr. Sholto."

"Why not? Dr. Sholto has never seen me. No, Margaret Murray," he continued, in calm, decisive voice—"I beg your pardon, Margaret Graham, you have *really* repented—that's clear—therefore you are in my power; you are striving, under a false name, to regain your position in society—I defy you to reveal my name to Dr. Sholto."

She felt his words were terribly true. She did not dare reveal his name, which was the token of her shame and condemnation. She felt she was in his relentless grasp; her cour-

age forsook her. No longer scorn and defiance, but humblest prayer.

"Go, I beg and pray! if you have any mercy, go! Dr. Sholto is coming, I see him—"

"Let him come," replied Travers, with perfect unconcern; and, throwing away his cigarette, he rose from the bench. "I shall stay till he goes; meanwhile our conversation can remain in abeyance."

Dr. Sholto had brought the document.

"Here's the paper, nurse Graham," he added, with emphasis, being mindful of the presence of a stranger. "Pray who is this gentleman?" he inquired.

"Pardon me, sir, my name is Leslie," replied Travers, bowing respectfully to Dr. Sholto. "I am agent for the firm of Bertemati & Co., bankers at Constantinople, correspondents of Drummond & Co., London. I attend Mrs. Graham on business matters by direction of my firm."

He inclined his head deferentially toward Mrs. Murray, and in all ways assumed the bearing of a respectable and highly-confidential banking-clerk.

"Your presence is most opportune, sir," observed Dr. Sholto; and, turning to Mrs. Murray, he requested her to peruse the document with care. "Mr. Leslie will, no doubt, be good enough to witness your signature," he added, turning to Travers.

"Certainly, sir," replied Travers. "I am here to give every assistance in my power to Mrs. Graham."

"The matter, sir, is briefly this," observed Sholto, by way of explanation to Travers. "Nurse Graham is desirous of placing certain moneys of which she stands possessed in my hands for certain purposes needless to specify. I, Dr. Sholto, have agreed to hold these moneys, and carry out the provisions of the trust.—Well, Graham," he continued, turning to Mrs. Murray, "have you read the deed carefully—does it embody your wishes?"

"I think so—yes," she replied, with a scared look, returning the paper to Dr. Sholto.

"Good. Let's complete the affair at once. Find the Sister; we shall require her signature as a second witness."

"Pardon me, Dr. Sholto," exclaimed Travers, in a tone of the utmost deference, "for venturing to interfere in this matter; but in my capacity as agent for Mrs. Graham I really think I ought, for my own satisfaction, to read over this document before signature; my knowledge of business matters, and general acquaintance with legal instruments of this nature, may possibly be of some avail."

"As you like, sir. Pray read it," replied Dr. Sholto, somewhat annoyed; but still it was impossible to object to such a reasonable request, and he handed the paper to Travers.

"Have I your permission, madam?" inquired Travers of Mrs. Murray, with the slightest tone of significance in his voice.

"Read it if you will," she answered, in trembling utterance.

Quietly, deliberately, and with the utmost apparent unconcern, did Travers peruse the paper, making audible comments here and there.

"Money—at Drummond's—amount not stated—purposes of trust not specified—hum!" and he shrugged his shoulders significantly.

"With regard to the trust, sir," exclaimed Dr. Sholto, somewhat nettled, "Mrs. Graham has given me full instructions, which I am prepared to carry out to the letter."

"Quite so, quite so," replied Travers, raising his eyes for a moment from the paper, but in no wise moved by the doctor's irritation. "So, all moneys—and other properties whatsoever absolutely in trust to John Sholto, staff-surgeon, etc., etc.—hum!" and Travers returned the paper, with a respectful bow, to Dr. Sholto.

"Well, sir, are you content?" inquired Dr. Sholto, with some asperity.

"Pardon me, doctor," replied Travers, still retaining his deferential manner, "I see you are not a lawyer; as this is a matter of serious business, involving consequences of great importance, it is my duty to tell you that this deed is not worth the paper it is written upon."

"I differ from you, sir!" exclaimed Dr. Sholto, thoroughly angry.

"As agent for Mrs. Graham," continued Travers, in deliberate voice, "I protest against her signing that document; I decline to be a witness."

"No matter, sir," retorted the doctor, "we can get another witness.—Nurse Graham, this is not the first assignment I have drawn at a pinch; I tell you it's a good and valid instrument."

"Mrs. Graham must choose between us," observed Travers, with perfect calmness.

"Say, Graham, are you prepared to sign it or not?" asked Dr. Sholto, in a tone of irritation.

She stood there irresolute, utterly fascinated by the presence of Travers, but it was on her lips to break away from the accursed enchantment, to declare the truth—no banker's agent, but Upton Travers, who had wrought the grievous wrong! but—that woman who had honored her—that good, pure, noble Sister Superior would turn aside with scorn, those other women would turn aside with scorn—no saint, but a false, erring wife.

"Your answer, Graham?" asked Dr. Sholto, impatiently.

"Perhaps I had better wait a little," she stammered. "There is no immediate hurry; perhaps it had better be drawn by a professional man."

"Right, quite right; that's my advice," said Travers, approvingly.

"As you will, as you will!" exclaimed Dr. Sholto; and he tore the paper up.

"Pardon me, sir," said Travers, "my business, which is confidential, will not detain Mrs. Graham long."

"I will not intrude upon you, sir. Good-day." And Dr. Sholto hurried off, to the horror and dismay of Mrs. Murray.

They were alone again—Colonel Murray, Mrs. Murray, Upton Travers.

"You are in my power, now!" exclaimed Upton Travers. "To business, once more, short and sharp. I hold the winning card, and I mean to play it, be the cost what it

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may. Whom are you nursing in there? I know his name! The Sister Superior has just told me." And Travers gazed significantly at the colonel's room.

She understood his terrible meaning. "Good God!" she exclaimed, "you could never be so cruel—so wicked—the man you have wronged; he lies there betwixt life and death. What, betray me to him? No, no, Upton," and she clung to him in despair. "You are not so bad as that. Heaven would never permit such a crime."

"This is earth!" he answered, with a scornful smile.

"Oh, have a little mercy on the woman whose life you have wrecked!"—still clinging to him, she knelt at his feet. "If you ever loved me, I beg and pray for mercy."

"No need of this agitation," he replied, quietly, at the same time edging toward the colonel's room. "The Sister says you have saved his life; she begs me not to take you away till he has recovered. Well, you can remain; but a check for that money I *will* have."

"Never!" she cried; "it belongs to my daughter—never, never!"

"You've said that before; repetition is a waste of time. The choice is in your hands. I must be brief."

"What?" she exclaimed, "you would go to him as he lies there, and whisper in his ear that I was his wife? A man do this!—impossible!—a tiger's nature wrapped in a man's form; a tiger's instinct animating a man's brain; oh, monstrous growth! I tell you, the hand of Heaven would strike you dead!"

"Trust to it, if you dare," he answered, derisively, still moving toward the room, notwithstanding all her efforts.

"A step more, and I'll cry for help."

"Raise your voice, and he will hear you."

"No—a narcotic; he will *not* hear; the orderlies will come, and drive you out, scoundrel as you are!"

"Then I must speak to him myself."

She clung to him, exerting all her strength.

"This is murder!" she cried.

"Have I any weapon?" he answered.

"No weapon, only one word—one fearful word."

"Then word for word," he retorted.

"Your written word, a check!"

"Never!"

"You force my hand—I play my ace, be it life or death." He flung her from him; but quick as lightning she flew to the window, and barred his progress. No help was at hand; it only needed one fatal word in the sick man's ear—only her strength against his, to ward it off. She gazed around in despair—there was no help. Her eyes fell on a little table which stood close to the window, on which had been placed the materials for making lemonade; in her despair, she grasped the table-knife which had been used for cutting the lemon. In a moment, she became strong, fearfully strong.

"Your death, if you advance another step!" she cried. He started back from her in surprise and alarm. This was not the woman he had wronged, the woman whose

weakness he had beguiled—but some strange, terrible being animating her form; eyes dilated with fierce animal rage, muscles wrought to sharpest tension—the swaying balance of a couchant tiger.

"Curse you, would you stab me?"

"Yes, by Heaven!" she answered. "I've strength enough for it. Back, miserable cur!" and he slunk back at her bidding. "Back, I say, as you value your life!" and she kept pressing upon him, impelled by some irresistible force. "Don't tempt me to the worst. A strange feeling burns in my blood—you've roused a hidden nature in my bosom, brutal as your own; touched some hidden spring, and a horrible instinct courses through my brain. I could stab and stab, till your life-blood ebbed away. Better cross the path of a tiger thirsting for man's blood than face me now. Back! for Heaven's sake, back! the horrible thing urges me on! Back, I say—or I shall kill you!"

Upton Travers possessed the courage of a brute; but her rage was a hundred-fold stronger than his brutality. He quailed away from her, not daring to turn his back—not daring to lose her eye; he knew it would have been certain death. Big drops of fear stood on his brow.

"The Sister Superior!" he gasped. He caught a moment's glimpse of the Sister approaching along the terrace.

Mrs. Murray turned her eyes from Travers; the Sister was actually approaching. "Saved!" she cried; "saved!" The fearful force which had animated her frame suddenly collapsed; the knife fell from her nerveless grasp—the power of her eyes was gone—every muscle was unstrung. Travers breathed again; he felt all danger was over. Worn and languid, she staggered forward, with dazed and purposeless expression, and would have fallen helpless at his feet, if he had not hurried forward and caught her in his arms.

A moment's breathing-space—he recovered his self-possession quicker than his breath.

"What's the matter?" inquired the Sister Superior, anxiously, as she approached them.

"Forgiven, madam! forgiven," he gasped, in bated breath; and, bending his head, he kissed the swooning woman's lips with a fervent kiss.

"Thank Heaven!" exclaimed the Sister Superior, her eyes filling with tears of happiness; and she breathed a prayer of gratitude. It was manifest to her that her earnest prayers and kindly efforts had been abundantly blessed.

GERMAN UNIVERSITY DUELING-CLUBS.

BY AN AMERICAN STUDENT AT BONN.

IN America one reads occasionally that the once famous dueling-clubs of the German universities are now almost extinct, and, with this impression uppermost, an American will not be a little surprised to find after some residence in Heidelberg, Bonn, or Göttingen, that these remarkable associations, so far

from being extinct, are still flourishing in full vigor, and by a little management a stranger can even have the high privilege of being present at one of the warlike performances. It is to be confessed that dueling is not carried on by German students in the same savage and blood-thirsty spirit that it once was, for in these days it is an extremely rare occurrence to hear of any one having been killed or even seriously injured in a duel, while in former times it was often the "duel to the death." Many are the murderous scenes that have been enacted in Heidelberg under the cover of darkness, and in the dark woods that skirted the borders of the lovely Neckar, in the last century and the earlier portion of this.

The dueling associations, or "corps," as they are called by the students themselves, date back to a very remote period, some of them showing a record that would put many of the better-known societies of modern times to the blush. On the score of antiquity, as may be imagined, these long-established societies are very proud of their antecedents, and hold those of a more modern origin in supreme contempt. At each university there are a certain number of these societies represented, just as are the literary societies of our American colleges. Thus, branches of the same corps exist at various universities, so that a student belonging to one in Heidelberg, if he chanced to remove to Bonn, would simply have to change his allegiance to a corps of the same order in the latter city. These societies are by no means of a secret nature, nor do their members profess to strive for any higher good than the social pleasures of meeting to drink beer, sing songs, and fence with each other, or with representatives of other societies.

The corps-students wear certain badges by which one familiar with the colors and insignia of the various societies can tell at a glance the name of the corps to which the wearer belongs. The most prominent indication is the color of the caps, next the shape, and lastly the colors of the ribbon worn on the breast. A stranger will usually be some time in getting the run of these insignia, from the fact that there are various religious societies and spurious dueling associations, the members of which also wear caps and ribbons. It would be an insult to a genuine corps-man for one to mistake a member of these bastard associations for a corps-student. The swell societies have great contempt for the mushroom concerns, and no member would deign to cross his sword with a representative of a sham order.

The plan on which the dueling is managed is as follows: A new man joins a corps, and as soon as he has made some little progress in fencing, his society sends a challenge to some other of equal standing, requesting the honor of a combat. Then the corps so challenged appoints a man to meet the member of the challenging party. The preliminaries being all settled, the two corps and a select party of friends go off to some secret place where the university officers will not be likely to interrupt them, and the sport comes off. Thus it will be seen that no personal animosity exists between the combatants in

such a duel, but each man simply fights for the honor of his corps, and to win his own spurs. After a man has fought several times, he need not enter the field again unless he specially wishes to do so, as he is then considered as having won his laurels, and as being to a certain extent exempt.

It is to be understood that there is no difficulty about getting to see a duel—at least in the summer-time—if one can only find out when and where the performance is to take place. But as these matters are always kept a profound secret, in order to avoid the arrest of the duelists by the college authorities, it follows that, unless one has a friend in one of the corps, or else a friend who in turn knows some one connected with them, it is quite impossible to get news of an impending duel. In this way there are many foreigners who live years and years in the very midst of a dueling community without ever having the much-desired privilege of being present at an encounter. The difference between summer and winter is simply this: in the latter season the combats must all be fought in-doors, on account of the extremely cold climate, for when a man is stripped to his shirt and pants for fighting, the chilly winter air would be apt to cool his ardor or stiffen his muscles, while, on the contrary, in summer, the confined air of a crowded room would be insupportable. The duels, of course, never, or very rarely, take place in the immediate precincts of a university town, the plan being to adjourn to some small town in the neighborhood, when in winter a large room in some friendly hotel is engaged, or, if in summer, the party proceed to an open field where, with a wide view in every direction the chances of being surprised are reduced to a minimum. The summer place of resort in Bonn is an old cavalry parade-ground of some eighty or one hundred acres, situated about a mile and a half out of town.

The first students' duel which it fell to my lot to see was here, on a misty, threatening Saturday afternoon, in the early part of last summer. Having heard so much about these duels, it may be imagined that I was not late in arriving at the place of rendezvous appointed by a German friend, who had invited me to accompany him to the exhibition. As we hurried along on foot, through a light, drizzling rain, we were much concerned lest the amusement might have been postponed for a more favorable day, but, at length, to our great relief, carriages, full of students in their gaudy caps, began to pass us, and, when we arrived at the edge of the wide quadrangle, the borders of which were indicated by a double row of ancient and lofty poplars, we could discern, at the extreme end, a gathering of people and carriages, indicating that the preparations were already on foot. After reaching this little camp, so to speak, we were destined to experience a long trial of patience, the encounter being delayed by the condition of the weather. At length the rain ceased, and forthwith the combatants began to dress for the fight.

It is to be remembered that the participants in these duels are animated by no desire to seriously injure each other, for it often happens that two students about to

fight are total strangers, and have to be introduced, and in many cases they are very good friends, or, at least, acquaintances on good terms. Therefore some precautions are necessary to guard against the infliction of fatal or dangerous wounds, and, with this view, each combatant is invested in a suit of armor, which completely encircles the body and neck, and covers the right or sword arm, and sometimes the left arm. The armor for the body is made of padded leather, something like the quilted skirts of a saddle, being an inch or two thick, and provided with straps and buckles, by means of which it is fastened in position. The "gorget," or neck-piece, is made of quilted silk, and is simply wrapped round the neck and secured with strings. The protection for the right arm is afforded by means of a complicated series of stuffed silk bandages, which, when wrapped around the arm by an expert, completely shield that member from injury, but at the same time permit of considerable freedom of motion.

The process of dressing takes some time. Each hero of the coming combat removes his coat, vest, and shirt, and puts on an old shirt that will serve to catch the blood, and, having his breast-armor strapped around him, he takes a seat and has his salient arm done up in the above-described silken bandages, applied by a skillful and practised attendant. Then the "gorget" is adjusted, and, lastly, the eyes are shielded by means of a peculiar pair of spectacles, consisting of two oval leather plates perforated with eye-holes, in front of which project circular steel fringes, or rims, to a distance of perhaps half an inch, by means of which the eyes are protected from all but a direct thrust, which is not allowed in the dueling-code, the plan being simply to cut, not to stab. When a man is completely done up in this fashion he presents a most extraordinary appearance, reminding one, not a little, of a diver preparing to enter the water in his submarine armor. He looks, moreover, perfectly helpless, for, when he attempts to walk, he must be accompanied by two or three friends, one of whom supports his ponderous arm, while the others lead him forward. The field of vision permitted by the steel spectacles is very limited; and, if a combatant had to support his own arm half an hour, with all that bandaging around it, he would be too tired to lift a sword, much less fight a duel. The swords used are very peculiar. They are of the usual rapier length, very thin, so thin, in fact, that they become bent after every few strokes, and have to be straightened before the duel can proceed, and they have a point as square as that of a case-knife would be if broken across near the end. They are about three-fourths of an inch wide, and double-edged. This square point, and the edges for about five inches back, are very carefully sharpened, so as to insure the infliction of a neat, clean gash, and not of a ragged, ugly tear. The handles are provided with immense basket-guards, which completely cover the hand, and the interspaces between the bars of these baskets are filled in with the colors of the corps to which the sword belongs, in velvet or plush.

As soon as the two combatants were ar-

rayed in their warlike attire, they were led forward as above described, and stationed opposite each other. A ring of spectators was instantly formed around them. The duelists stood motionless while an umpire read the terms of combat. Then the second on one side stated the claims of his champion, and was answered by the second of the opposing party. These seconds, it may be remarked, also wear a protective breastplate and visor, to prevent their being hurt in case a blade breaks. The command was then given by one second: "Auf die Messur binden die Klingen" (literally, "Join the blades upon the measure;" or, liberally rendered, "Assume your attitudes"), and instantly the two hitherto motionless figures sprang into life and assumed the first position, upon which the other second cried out, "Gebunden sind" ("Joined they are"), and then came the word "Los!" simultaneously with which the two began to lay about each other's heads with their swords, making these weapons fairly whistle through the air as they whirled in flashing circles round and round, striking fire when they meet, and bending nearly double with every stroke. The necessity for having the sword-arm so well protected was now obvious, for it was used to receive these tremendous blows after the fashion of a buckler, and without the thick wrapping blood-vessels, muscles, and even bones, would be cut asunder. The left arm was held behind the back, where it was out of the way. The combatants cut and slashed at each other for about fifteen seconds, when the command was given, "Halt!" and it was observed that one of the men had his left temple laid open by a cut of perhaps two inches in length, from which the blood was flowing freely. The second of the other side then made a note of his champion having drawn the first blood, and the surgeon in attendance stepped forward with a probe to examine the wound, and to decide whether or not it would be prudent to continue the combat. The spectators listened in breathless suspense for his verdict, and a sigh of relief went round when, after probing the wound and sponging a while, the surgeon announced that the wound would not interfere with the progress of the duel.

The two champions were again placed in position, and the same orders given as before, as signals for them to begin. I will mention, however, that during the pause each man had his mighty arm upheld by an obliging friend, and the one who had received the cut had a glass of wine administered to him to keep up his courage. I say administered, because the process of imbibing a liquid with one's neck wound around with a yard or two of stiff quilting, so that the head is allowed only a slight rotary motion, could scarcely be called drinking. Well, off they went again—whist! clash! whist! rap!—until another cut was given, this time by the party first wounded, but, this proving very slight, the duel was immediately resumed. The next telling stroke took effect on the top of the man's head who had received the first cut, and as the whizzing blade passed with a fierce sweep through his hair we saw a tuft fly up like feathers from a fighting-cock. This gash was at once

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pronounced serious, and therefore the duel was at an end. The victor was then led forward to shake hands with the opponent whom he had partially scalped, and as he turned away was surrounded by his friends and warmly congratulated on his success, while the other combatant was led off to have his head sewed up.

The students are very proud of their scars, and nothing gives one of them more joy than to be able to show a face traversed with several huge marks of this kind, betokening what a champion he has been in his day. Of course, it was a great misfortune to get a slash on the top of one's head, for the party receiving it suffered the disgrace of being vanquished, and had nothing to show for it but a little scratch on the temple. It is customary to have all the duels accumulating for a week or two take place upon one occasion, so as to avoid the trouble of having to go out so often; and on the afternoon in question two others came off, both of which were of very brief duration, as the parties were ill-matched as regards skill, and the weaker opponent was soon carved up handsomely in each case. Such are the famous students' duels as they occur at the present day in Germany.

TUNNY-FISHING AT SOLANTO.

SOME months ago, I described, for the benefit of the readers of *APPLETONS' JOURNAL*,* a moonlight ascent of Mount Etna. In the present paper I purpose to recall once more certain of my Sicilian experiences, and, especially, to give an account of the Sicilian tunny-fishery.

The beautiful island of Trinacria, for such it was termed by the ancients, when seen from the sea, appears to be a mass of rocks, broken into every fantastic shape, and shooting their pointed pinnacles high up into the sunny sky. A stranger, and particularly one who has sailed hither direct from France rather than from Italy, finds it difficult to imagine that those jagged, sterile mountains inclose fertile valleys and plains bringing forth "corn, and oil, and wine in abundance," yet so it is; the soil is still as rich as in the days of the Romans, but it is another kind of fertility than that to which we are accustomed. There are no green, pleasant meadows, no fields of waving corn, and the change of the seasons makes but little difference in the landscape. The orange and lemon groves are always green, and the olives also, though of another tint. Plantations of fig-trees and vineyards slope down to the sea-shore, and the corn is sowed between the vines.

If the stranger approaches the coast in a sailing-vessel, and keeps aloof as far as possible from the larger seaport towns, his eye invariably falls first upon the rugged scenery in the island, and then upon the host of men engaged in fishing. Few Americans, I dare say, have ever seen the *thon*, as it is called in French, or *tunny*, as it is termed by Englishmen. In Paris it may be seen exposed for

sale in small quantities, preserved in oil, but never fresh, for, even with the aid of the Marseilles Railway, it could scarcely reach Paris before spoiling—the season of the fishery being chiefly in the hot months of May and June.

The tunny is a migratory fish, proceeding in shoals like its smaller brethren, the mackerel and the herring. In the early part of the month of April it leaves the ocean, and enters the Mediterranean by the strait of Gibraltar. Being an exceedingly timid fish, it seeks the smooth water, and in rough weather takes refuge in the numberless gulfs and bays formed by the sinuosities of the land, and where the sea is often unruffled when it is agitated outside. In these half-secluded localities it grows plump by feeding on the small sardines, anchovies, and marine plants, which there abound. The tunny then proceeds on its journey, and is caught either on the coast of Sardinia, the Ligurian shore, or, most likely, on the coast of Sicily.

I have been led to believe that it is the intention of the tunny to coast along the shores of Italy, go through the strait of Messina, and pass the summer in the Black Sea. But, as every traveler in this region knows, the meeting of the current from the Adriatic, and that coming through the strait—the Scylla and Charybdis of the ancients—causes an agitation of the water; and it is not unlikely that this perturbed state frightens the tunny so much that it induces it to change its route, and to coast round Sicily, intending to reach the Black Sea by that longer and calmer voyage. Fortunate, indeed, will it be, if it shall escape the net-work of the natives.

When it is remembered that the flesh of the tunny is as solid as and possesses the flavor of veal, that, in the summer, it forms the staple food of the lower orders of the people, and is a source of wealth to some of the richest Sicilians, it may be surmised that neither time nor expense is spared in getting the prisons of net-work ready for sea.

The nets themselves vary in length from twelve hundred to fifteen hundred feet, in width are nearly three hundred feet, and are from fifty to one hundred feet deep. The fishery begins, usually, toward the very last of April; and, from the month of February, previous, hundreds of men are employed in manufacturing and repairing the boats and other gear, and in making new nets. Strength is the first requisite of these nets; inasmuch as the fish which they are intended to catch is as apt to measure seven as four feet in length, with a girth nearly as great.

As a matter of interest, I may say here that the cordage used in the manufacture of these nets is made at Solanto. Solanto is a promontory covered with small cottages, the dwellings of the fishermen engaged in the *tonnara*, and which cluster round an ancient Norman castle, the residence of Blanche of Castile during her sojourn in these parts, and now the summer habitation of the proprietor of the fishery. It stands on a projecting point of rock, in a highly-picturesque situation; from its balconies the fish may be seen swimming in the waters below, and the view stretches far over the sea, away to the Lipari Islands, and along the coast to the

point of Cefalu. Hither are yearly brought ship-loads of *sparto*, or Spanish grass, from Valencia, and hemp from the Naples market, to be converted into nets.

From March to July this settlement is a perfect beehive. In the month of February, as I have said, the men are hired by the proprietor of the *tonnara* for a certain amount of daily wages, and after all expenses have been paid, and a certain profit secured by the owner, a percentage on the extra profits. The employes thus become as deeply interested in the enterprise as the employer.

When the hot weather sets in, the workmen no longer sleep in their houses, but lie down on the open beach, and start up to their work at the break of dawn. During the first week in April, the nets are put into large boats or barges, which are well supplied with ballast and stone anchors. As soon as the water becomes calm many anxious eyes are bent on the shining surface; the wished-for signal is given, and, the boats having arrived at the appointed spot—usually about a mile from the shore—the stones and anchors are made fast at intervals to the lower edge of the nets, in order to sink them to the bottom, the upper edge being floated by pieces of the cork-tree. They are cast into the sea by two boats' crews, parting from one point, and lowering them in such a manner as to form a succession of *aquarres*, loud cries of joy announcing the completion of each *chamber*.

St. Anthony, as some may already know, is considered as the patron of fishermen. The Sicilians say that he one day began to preach to the heathens; but, as they remained incredulous, he turned round and addressed the fishes, who came out of the water in crowds to listen to him—seeing which, the people became converted in great numbers.

As soon, then, as the nets are fairly in the sea, the protection of St. Anthony is implored, and a large branch of olive, some ten feet high, which has previously been blessed in the church, is fixed in the centre of the *tonnara*. The priest then makes the circuit of the nets in a boat, pronouncing a blessing as he goes. This is the concluding preparation, and, to the Sicilians, the most important, for their religion enters into all they do.

As it is absolutely necessary that the nets should stand perpendicularly in the water, and form walls of net-work, it would be useless to sink them while any strong currents prevail in the water, as they would be forced into a slanting position, and the chambers could not be formed. To understand this term "chamber," it must be remembered that I have said the nets form walls of net-work, openings being left between each chamber by which the fish are to enter, and which can be closed at will by raising from the bottom to the top of the net a door or curtain, which lies reefed below till the fish enter; it is then drawn up behind them, thus preventing their escape.

Finding the opening to the second chamber, they enter, and are inclosed by the raising of a curtain, as in the first; and so they go on through the several chambers, until

* *APPLETONS' JOURNAL* for June 13, 1875.

they reach the last and fatal one, called the "chamber of death." At the bottom of this last room is a square of net-work, immensely strong, called the *leva*, exactly fitting to the four sides of the net-walls. This can be raised and lowered at pleasure. The object of forming these numerous chambers is, that one troop of fish having entered and advanced into the second chamber, the first is opened to admit new-comers.

When every thing is in readiness, the nets being fairly set, two watchers are placed at the opening of the first chamber to announce the entrance of the fish. The men lean over the edge of the boat, having a tarpaulin spread over their heads to screen them from the sun and to throw a shade on the water, on which they drop a little oil from time to time to render its surface smooth. By such means, they are enabled to see what is passing in the blue depths below.

Every three hours the watchers are relieved. Whenever a troop of fish is discovered, they immediately, but as silently as possible, close the entrance to the nets; the tunnies go round and round till they come to the opening in the second chamber, and so on until they arrive at the chamber of death. A signal is then hoisted which, when discovered alongshore, is responded to by a red flag being run up on the castle-tower.

Sometimes for hours, sometimes even for days, the fish remain in the central divisions of the nets, and will not go to the last, as if they knew the fate that awaited them there. There is no known means either of forcing or enticing them forward—they must be left to themselves.

I have now to describe my own experience in the sport of "taking" tunnies. I say "sport," because it can scarcely be termed otherwise, and all the real work is finished up long before the catch.

I had come from Palermo to Solanto direct by rail; had passed through the country-town of Bagaria, famous for its groups of palatial villas; and had halted at Solanto, merely because this was the terminus of the route. The harbor lies east of the settlement, and just here is the *tonnara*. I had not been in Solanto more than six hours before securing a passage to the fishing-grounds—and this by the courtesy of the proprietor himself.

The graceful, three-masted launch put off from the shore at the moment when the red flag on the castle-tower announced that fish were in the chamber of death. She fairly bounded over the waters, propelled by six young oarsmen, and we were soon at the scene of action.

The movable floor of net-work (*leva*) was being rapidly hauled to the surface of the water. The fishermen were uttering loud cries of joy as their well-practised eyes already perceived in the blue depths their monstrous prey in great numbers.

Ere long the scene became painfully exciting. We could see the imprisoned victims rushing wildly round and round, trying to escape, and casting the water, lashed by their struggles into foam, high into air. At length, when the net was within six or eight feet of the surface, it was made fast at the

four corners, and the battle began. Each man seized his sharp-hooked weapon, and, plunging it into the fish, dragged them, with loud shouts, alive into the boats. Blood spouted in great quantities from the wounded creatures, covering the men, and reddening the waves for a long distance round. The butchery continued till all were taken; the efforts of two or three men being required to secure each fish, as they are all very strong. Once out of the water, however, they soon die.

The feat of taking tunnies is always a novel spectacle. People of all ranks take the greatest delight in the scene, and come from long distances to witness it. They do not call it *fishing*, but *killing*, as in fact it is. The boats are towed toward the shore, and the fish are sold to dealers from all the neighboring towns and villages, some buying one fish, some two or three, according to the population to be supplied.

I first beheld the tunny-fishing on the 17th of May, and there were just seventeen fish in the net. They were sold on the beach for a sum equal to about twenty dollars. This large price was obtained because the previous hauls of the season had been scant.

In June the greatest activity prevails. From the 1st of the month to the 13th, the date of his birth, prayers are offered up daily to St. Anthony. He is entreated to implore from Almighty God a plentiful take of fish; and, as in the height of the season the tunny fetches not more than a cent a pound, it may be imagined what a boon it is to people eating little or no meat. Immense quantities are salted down, and form the winter provision; while a considerable portion is exported.

The *tonnara* of Solanto is one of the best on the coast of Sicily, from its position, having a large gulf before it, into which the tunny is sure to come. The fish which remain unsold on the beach of Solanto at the ringing of the "Ave Maria" (at sunset), are taken in boats to Palermo. By sea, the voyage is about ten miles, and is not unfrequently attended with difficulty and danger—the Cape Zaffarana having to be doubled, where boats and cargo together are sometimes lost.

When a large haul is secured on a Saturday morning, a large quantity is sent off to Naples by the steamer, which always leaves on that day. The evenings of Saturday and Sunday are always devoted by the family of the proprietor to amusement, in which the fishermen and their daughters are allowed to have a share. A dancing-master, accompanied by two musicians, is brought from Palermo, who generally sets the company dancing interminable quadrilles.

It is a real, live dance, you may be sure, composed of the figures of the ordinary quadrille, caledonian, and lancers, mixed up together, the master calling out in bad French each evolution that has to be performed, and inducing a perpetual movement. All the village-girls dance the polka, waltz, and mazurka, on the evenings in question. They are permitted to come with their fathers and brothers to see the dancing—the gentlemen of the household choosing one of them from time to time for a partner. Very often sev-

eral of them are called upon to make up the number for an English country-dance. At other times they will dance the tarantella to the music of the tambourine, their favorite instrument.

The *tonnara* at Solanto formerly belonged to the kings of Naples, one of whom often superintended it in person, and amused himself for hours sitting on the shore, bargaining for his fish with the dealers.

The average profit obtained may, for the last five years, be reckoned at a thousand a year. Sword-fish are sometimes taken in the net with the tunny, or alone. These are not dragged into the boats with hooks, but are carefully towed ashore after them. Their flesh, which is quite superior to that of the tunny, is sold; but the roe is preserved for the private eating of the proprietor, by whom it is considered a great luxury.

On St. Peter's day, the 29th of June, the tunny-fishery ends. The nets, that have formed the chambers, are cut, sink to the bottom, and are allowed to perish. The *leva*, which is the strongest part, as it has to support the whole weight of the fish, as it is raised through the water at every successive haul, is carefully laid away, and, with some slight repairs, serves for other years.

As I have previously intimated, these fisheries form a great boon to the poorer classes of Sicilians. Some explanation will make this assertion more intelligible.

In the first place, the manner of living and eating of the Sicilians forms as great a contrast to our American ideas as can well be imagined. People, both the rich and the poor, eat what we would never think of placing on the table. For instance, one day, at Palermo, I was forced to partake of a dish of snails, boiled with some green herbs and tomatoes. My host, a Sicilian nobleman, and his family sucked the snails out of their shells with delight. I swallowed two, out of politeness.

In the spring broad beans are eaten—raw, after dinner. The wild, bitter, and unsavory asparagus, which grows wild in the fields, is also eaten raw. Other vegetables are boiled, after which the water is replaced by a plentiful supply of lemon-juice and olive-oil. During the winter months, good veal from Sorrento is brought over by the steamboats from Naples to Palermo, and is bought up at a high price by the gentry. The native beef is always eaten stewed, or in the form of sausage-meat; otherwise, it would be too hard for any teeth or digestion. The want of good meat, however, is compensated by macaroni, of which the Sicilians are greater eaters even than the Italians.

Every one begins dinner by eating a large plateful, piled as high up as it can be handed to him; and, as it is prepared with extremely strong cheese, oil, tomatoes, and a kind of very bitter fruit, fried in slices, it is a portion formidable for any man or woman to get through with. When such is the ordinary fare in a palace, it may easily be imagined what it must be among the poor; and one can well understand the enormous benefit bestowed on them by the tunny-fishery.

GEORGE L. AUSTIN.

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THE FRENCH SHAKESPEARE.

OF all modern authors of eminence none, perhaps, is less known to English and American readers than Honoré Balzac. While the works of Hugo, Dumas, and Sue, are as familiar to us of the English tongue as those of Scott or Dickens, few, remarkably few, have any intimate acquaintance with the productions of the greatest of French fiction-writers. With these few, however, he has earned a reputation surpassing not only that of every other novelist, but one entitling him, in their estimation, to a niche beside that of the myriad-minded Shakespeare. High as such praise is, we do not think it unmerited; although we are bound to state that it is beyond the meed accorded him by his own countrymen; for Balzac, so widely read and generally admired in France, and the recipient of unbounded laudation from foreign readers, is nevertheless no such extraordinary prophet in his own land. He is scarcely rated the equal of Scott by French critics, who are either undecided in their estimates, or apparently unaware how great a genius was the author of the "Comédie Humaine." Doubtless this lack, or reserve of appreciation, arises, in a great measure, from the fact that the great novelist's productions are markedly unequal—a serious defect according to French taste—and present an unfavorable contrast in this respect to the harmonious uniformity, and what a modern thinker names the "animated moderation" of the Waverley novels. The comparative ignorance with us of the works of the author under discussion must be attributed solely to the absence of adequate translations. A few exist that make readable books, but they convey no idea of the fire and force of the originals. Miss Mitford, the authoress, doubted, we know, whether Balzac were not too good for the taste of English novel-readers. The reason for this doubt she does not give, and it certainly is not self-evident. All our cultured people are novel-readers, and, judging from the popularity of Thackeray—the writer approaching the nearest to Balzac we have—there is no reason whatever to believe that, if it were possible to reproduce the exact coloring and value of the language of Balzac in our vernacular, his works would not meet with due appreciation. But, unfortunately, the characteristic intensity of his works, which, as Dryden said of Shakespeare's plays, make us not only see but feel what is written, is as untranslatable as the quaintness of Hawthorne, or the rich, exuberant drollery of Dickens. Balzac's style, it is true, is far from faultless. It is often involved, labored, and obscure. We miss the clearness and transparency that distinguish the masters of French prose; but then, in comparison, words from his pen seem to possess a vividness, a sharp significance, and shades of expression, that are entirely lost in the effort to render them into another idiom. Nowhere can be found a more striking proof of Buffon's dictum, that the style is the man, than in Balzac's pages. They teem with the ardor, the audacity, the marvellous vigor, of the writ-

er, and are worth a perusal even if but for the evidence they furnish of what the French language is capable of as an effective vehicle of thought.

Our author's aim, as is well known, was to construct, with his various studies, a monumental work—one that would exhibit every side and phase of human nature. Such an intention is bewildering and ambitious in the extreme, and that it should so nearly have been realized is amazing. He held that the works of an author, to acquire permanence, ought to possess continuity or relationship, and be grouped about some great parent idea. He does not profess to be a reformer, or to labor for the progress of humanity; he is merely an artist and demonstrator. Starting with the fundamental principle that human nature is one and the same, he arrives at the conclusion that man is neither good nor bad. Races differ only in surface traits. We are not only what the sun and wind make us, but also what our avocations and pursuits shape us into. We are, moreover, victims of circumstances and inherited temperaments. Yet, Balzac has not, nor does he pretend to have, any theory of life. He simply desires to represent it in its numerous and varied aspects and stages, to depict the phenomena of virtue and vice, or to trace the growth of a passion, diagnosing and discoursing pathologically the while. Here are puppets: he describes their appearance, their antics, the wires that move them; and leaves others to draw inferences and weave fine-spun conjectures as to their destiny. Naturally he is impartial as becomes a scientist, and exhibits no bias for race or sect. Aloof like Humboldt, his clear vision shows him all faiths as simply different growths of the same God-planted germs of thought. He accepts the condition of things; takes men and women as he finds them; and then, with merciless scalpel, skillfully dissects and lays bare all the hidden springs, multifarious convolutions, and minute folds of their hearts. The French call him a painter of *mœurs*. This comprehensive term means not only the morals but the manners and customs of a people as well. But he is, beyond this, a poet and moralist; furthermore, a psychologist and physiologist. It is to be regretted, in respect to the latter capacity, that it appears so frequently in evidence, and in a manner better befitting a medical treatise than books of polite literature.

In faith, a fatalist with a sincere reverence for religion; a cynic, with a loving admiration of the virtuous; in short, an eccentric and incongruous man is this *Tourangeau*—this *fougueux* son of soft and voluptuous Touraine, the birthplace of Rabelais. Well and thoroughly as he knows others, he does not know himself. In a letter written by him, and recently brought to light, he says: "I have the most singular character I know of. I study myself as I might another within my five feet ten. I contain all incoherences and contrasts possible. . . . Is this kaleidoscopic nature owing to the Fates placing in the soul of those who pretend to paint the affections, and the heart, all these affections, whereby they may force their imaginations to reveal what they wish to paint—and is the power of observation but

a species of memory proper to assist the imagination? I begin to believe it."

This confession is but the revelation of the source of power in all true poets, who, as was said of Otway, "find Nature in their own breast"—feeling all, and seeing all, that they sing, while observation furnishes but the clews to hidden reminiscences, seemingly, of a preëxistence. It is this faculty, in a high degree—this wonderful insight, or power, as it were, of projecting one's individuality into another, and knowing intuitively every impulse, idiosyncrasy, and mood of the paragon of animals under every possible combination of circumstances—that has earned for Balzac the title of the French Shakespeare. True, the genius of the novelist never soars to the Parnassian height of his prototype; his pinions sweep a lower level, not from weakness, though, for, while Shakespeare commands a great share of our admiration on the score of sublimity, Balzac stirs us more deeply. And yet none of his tragedies are reddened with blood; he makes no use of dagger or bowl, but works with humbler and more effective tools—selfishness, depravity, the tyranny of base passions, and the tortures occasioned by their reaction on noble natures, furnish his catastrophes. His victims are not driven to coarse butchery; the preparation for their sacrifice is simple but appalling in its systematic simplicity, seizing one like the terror inspired by sanding the deck of a man-of-war before an engagement, or the suggestive display of surgical instruments on an operating-table.

Is not this direct, penetrating, dramatic power explained by the author's nationality? While it is extremely difficult to generalize intelligently on the character and genius of any nation, especially of so heterogeneous a one as the French, that has produced such antipodal leaders of thought as Calvin and Voltaire, it is evident that this admixture of Celtic, Latin, and German blood furnishes men of a more practical and analytical cast of mind than the pure Teutonic race. To the latter we accord a greater luxuriance of imagination and love for the mystical, the abstract, and the sublime; while the former approximate more to the accurate Greeks. They crave clearness and symmetry rather than the gorgeous floridity and complexity of Gothic taste. This is evident in their schools of philosophy and art. We would not select a Frenchman to paint an Annunciation, or an allegory of any kind. He has no inclination to indulge in ecstatic mysticism or evolve beings from his inner consciousness; but no one can surpass him in limning life, palpitating and actual. Hermann Melville remarks somewhere that the only picture he ever saw that approached a correct delineation of the capture of the whale was one painted by a Frenchman, and adds that the French are the artists to paint life and action. Notable examples of this fidelity to Nature are observable in the battle-pieces of Vernet and in the canvases of Gérôme. Contrast those two great animal-painters, Landseer and Rosa Bonheur. What an impression of posing, prepared elegance, statuesque quiet, combed and brushed beauty, the fine pictures of Sir Edwin give you in

comparison with the vivid, unkempt, breathing nature of the work of his female rival!

Not only has Balzac in perfection this talent of realistic reproduction, but also the one wherein consist the highest expression of art, to wit, that of making the ideal real; and, furthermore, in a superlative degree, the power of exciting absorbing interest and playing on the emotions with minutiae. A chance expression, the disposition of a garment, the furniture of a room, or the description of a physiognomy, reveal more than pages of dialogue. Details that would appear trivial or be tiresome, from a less able writer, are invested with interest and importance by the magic of his narration. It may be observed that he does not possess the genius of inspiration spontaneously developed, if there be such a thing, but the one that grows from patience and persistence, from natural gifts untiringly trained and perfected. Else, how account for the amazing difference between his early works and later ones, and for the occasional feebleness perceptible even in his masterpieces? In no other author will greater contrasts be found. His faults are many. Apart from the defects in style before mentioned, we are at times shocked by incongruities, improbabilities, and sensational passages, that remind one of the efforts of a dime-novelist. In "La Cousine Bette," for instance, a work of wonderful power, incidents are introduced, at the close of the story, unworthy even of a hack-writer. It seems as if it were impossible to sustain the imagination truly poised at such a white-heat of inspiration. Shakespeare, that "wild, irregular genius," likewise is accused of losing himself in excesses—excesses, in truth, that are but the outflow of an exuberant genius rioting in its own richness, but that, nevertheless, betray the author into the slough of extravagance and bombast. Frequent and glaring inequalities of this kind in Balzac's productions constitute, doubtless, the chief reason, as we have before stated, why he has not been installed in his due and proper place in the Pantheon of *belles-lettres* celebrities by the fastidious *littérati* of his native land. Among these, Sainte-Beuve is noticeable as being but grudgingly and faintly commendatory.

In drawing a parallel between Shakespeare and Balzac, we do it mainly on their profound knowledge of human nature, and on their *intensity*, meaning by the latter quality the power that gives edge to thought, and, so to speak, graves communicated ideas. In this latter attribute, however, we maintain that Balzac is the superior. Read, or witness, the most effective of Shakespeare's plays, "Othello," for instance; you will be charmed and delighted with the elegance, the brilliancy, the majesty, of the rhetoric; but the plot fails to seize you, and the fate of the gentle Desdemona causes not a painful heart-throb. Compare "King Lear" with "Le Père Goriot," both masterpieces and tragedies whose plots are founded on filial ingratitude. In them may be fairly gauged the effect produced by the different treatment of their subjects by the respective authors. In the play, as we all know, we have an old king who, deceived in a test instituted by him to

ascertain the degree of his children's affection, divides his kingdom between two unworthy daughters, and discards and disinherits the only true and loving child. The former soon reveal their natural dispositions, and their father, driven away by their unkindness, wanders off and vents his anger and disappointment in maledictions on his unnatural offspring. In the novel, Père Goriot is a retired corn-factor, a widower, who has divided his wealth, the fruit of life-long industry, between two idolized daughters, merely reserving a small annuity for his support. The daughters have been enabled, by means of their munificent *dots*, to wed, one a banker and the other a nobleman, and thereby occupy conspicuous positions in the fashionable circles of Parisian life. The father, a worthy man of commonplace mind, and with but one passion—love for his children—retires contentedly to a third-rate boarding-house in the Latin quarter. The only pleasure he craves are short visits occasionally to his daughters in their grand houses, and he is supremely happy if he has but received a smile of recognition from either of them as she rides by in her dashing equipage, while he is taking a stroll in the Champs-Élysées. Presently, the daughters are discovered making surreptitious visits to their father in his humble lodgings. Not impelled thither by affection, however, but to get money, called for by the exigencies of their extravagant and equivocal lives. To satisfy them, the old man gradually surrenders the little he has retained. He stints himself, retires to a garret; he would give his life-blood to gratify them. The daughters, faithless wives and fashionable *demi-reps*, are insatiable, and torture him with their selfish rapacity. Briefly, their conduct at length breaks the old man's heart, and he dies in want and penury, unattended, save by two students, his fellow-lodgers, while, at the same hour, his daughters are displaying their plumage at a grand ball.

The *mise en scène*, as it may be called, of this tragedy is absolutely perfect. The minute description of the phases of the old man's illness, and the professional enthusiasm of the students in the "case," are admirable specimens of technical skill. There is a masterly touch of Nature in the transient revulsion of feeling—the one cry of execration on his daughters, when, for an instant, the bitterness of desertion overcomes the self-delusion he so steadfastly cherishes of their affection for him; while the depiction of filial heartlessness in contrast with all-absorbing parental love is, we will venture to say, as to power and effect, unsurpassed, if equaled, in the whole range of known literature. It is true that Balzac, in order to heighten the contrast, has yielded too much to a tendency to exaggerate, and the love of the father is surcharged. This is a great imperfection. Nevertheless the probabilities of the story and its consistency with human nature are better maintained than in "King Lear." Goriot was an uxorious husband and a foolishly-fond father. His affection for his offspring is of so extreme a type, so passionate, that we can hardly wonder that the fruit thereof is found in the egotism and indifference of the spoiled children, and that the lat-

ter, brought up in such unwise, doting indulgence, develop into the cold ingrates that they are. In Lear we are surprised that so philosophic a monarch should not have had some inkling or knowledge of his children's dispositions—sufficient, at least, to prevent his being so grossly misled in the absurd test instituted by him, especially when we consider how cruel Regan and Goneril inherently were, and how candid and loving was Cordelia. Hence we are naturally disposed to look upon the father's misery as but a just retribution for his conduct toward his true child. While, therefore, our sympathies are greatly blunted, if not destroyed, by Lear's foolishness and injustice, and all we mind of him is the splendor of his apostrophes, the unmerited suffering and slow lingering agony of poor old Père Goriot wring our hearts, and furnish a picture of filial ingratitude hideous enough to burn an impress on our memories as ineffaceable as the remembrance of a murder witnessed in childhood. Shakespeare is far more of a poet than dramatist. Adherence to legends trammelled him in the construction of his plays, and their plots fail to seize or satisfy the auditor, lost in admiration of the sweetness, beauty, and grandeur of the language. Balzac, on the contrary, is more of a dramatist than poet, and yet—it would be singular to relate, were it not also the fate of Dickens, Thackeray, and other eminent novelists—he failed signally in his attempts to write for scenic representations. His play "Quinola," brought out at the Odéon, was utterly damned the first night, and Léon Gozlan relates *à propos* of this, that when Balzac was sought by his friends after the luckless performance, he was found fast asleep and snoring in the stage-box! It is a common error to assume that excellence in any branch of literature presupposes equal talent in a cognate one. Macaulay asserted that, judging from the "Roger de Coverley" papers, Addison could have written, had he so chosen, a novel surpassing any existing in the English language. We see no reason to accept this dictum. The aptitudes of genius are so multiform and subtly complex, that we have no more right to expect that a first-class essayist would make an equally good romance-writer, than that an eminent painter could be as great a statuary. Instances where both are combined in one individual may be cited, it is true, but such instances are extremely rare exceptions.

In "Eugénie Grandet," commonly called the author's masterpiece, although inferior in power to several of his other productions, we find him occupied in delineating the most admirable traits of female character; for again, like our great bard, he possesses an intimate and complete knowledge of woman's nature. And what varied creations does his gallery contain! What perfect types of pure girlhood; of tender, loving mothers; of patient, suffering spouses, life-long martyrs; and, on the other hand, what wicked sirens and depraved demons! One marvels that the same mind could have traced such extremes of vice and virtue, as if omniscience like this could only proceed from a supernatural, perhaps an uncanny, source. It is

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no less the subtilty than the suppleness of Balzac's genius that amazes us. At one moment we are charmed by the revelation of an exquisite bit of sensibility in the heart of the old parasite Cousin Pons, or by an effusion of angelic tenderness in the deformed spouse Madame Claes, and then terrified by an exhibition of the abysses to which certain passions draw their slaves. When our author ascends to burn incense before the shrine of some exalted exemplar of piety, rectitude, or self-sacrifice, he does it so holily and with such genuine reverence that we are convinced the devotee is a totally different being from the one who but lately led us to the portals of hell, and stood with Mephistophelean malice derisively exhibiting the antics of the imps of darkness; for, let us avow it, Balzac's inspiration seems to contain at times a breath of Tartarean flame, and to proceed from a wisdom born of the serpent.

As a satirist he is incomparably great. We find nothing of the trifle in him—no elegant persiflage or delicate irony wreathes his pen. He is a robust, ferocious Juvenal, driving, with fearless audacity, his blade into every social sore, or boldly tearing the veils from vice and exposing its hideousness with a freedom that causes loathing. The depiction in "Le Cousin Pons" of the odiousness of cupidity, of the harpy-like rapacity engendered by love of money, is enough to cause a shudder of horror at the very sight of gold, as if it bore contagion, and its possession might infect one with a moral gangrene. No more impressive lesson was ever read.

Balzac founded a new school of novelists. Not only in his own country does he number disciples and imitators by the score, but his influence has spread to other lands. A most noteworthy example of this may be found in the pages of Thackeray. The evidence is perceptible in the works of this eminent author that he was a close student of Balzac. Their intellects were akin, and though Thackeray, as he expressed it, had "no brains above his eyes"—in other words, but little imagination—and was inferior in depth and power to his teacher, yet he surpassed him in that satiric humor which forms the chief charm of the author of "Vanity Fair." Not that Balzac is devoid of the *vis comica* so lavishly bestowed upon his countrymen, as the gross Rabelaisism of his "Contes Drôlatiques" sufficiently attests; but, singular to remark, we miss in him that delicate raillery and playful wit, "sparkling like salt in fire," characteristic of nearly all the best writers of his nation. His word-painting is unsurpassable; his pages abound with felicitous epigrams and profound aphorisms—gleam, too, with similes of rare poetic beauty—but of wit, pure and simple, there is a comparative absence. Even his jests carry a formidable sting, and the nimble, sarcastic gaiety of a Le Sage or a Molière seems unsuited to his aggressive and trenchant nature. Here is he decidedly inferior to Shakespeare. Indeed, that supreme order of wit which consists of apt conceits blended with philosophic humor is the chief glory of Shakespeare's genius. Others have equaled, some say surpassed, him in sublimity and poetic grace.

While on the subject of the influence of

Balzac on contemporary literature, we may mention that it has seemed to us that we discover evidences of it in the finest novel that has appeared since "The Newcomes." We allude to "Middlemarch." We may be mistaken in this conjecture, but at least there is certainly a coincidence of inspiration in the delineation of Rosamond Vincy which recalls word for word the correct and super-fine characterization and method of the great French novelist.

We have not presumed in this short paper to present an exhaustive or even an elaborate criticism on the works of Balzac. Our object has been simply to touch upon the salient points of his genius as they strike an ordinary observer. It may be too soon to set that extraordinary novelist on his proper pedestal; but when time shall have softened the asperities of prejudiced criticism, and weighed with calm judgment his claims to fame, he will stand, in spite of his defects, second to none on the head-roll of literary celebrities whom France has produced, and ranking as far above Molière as Shakespeare does above Fielding.

JOHN S. SAUZADE.

THE MINER'S BETROTHAL.*

THE miner kissed his maiden bride. "Up—on St. Lucia's Day,
Their blessing on our lives, fast-bound, the
priestly palms shall lay;
Then we will build our lucky nest in summer
trees together,
Where Peace and Love, like singing-birds,
shall keep their sunny weather."

Yesterday came the Sabbath-day: oh, brightly
everywhere
The earth was wreathed divinely with the
heavenly halo-air;
And in the village chapel, for the second time
proclaimed,
The holy bans were spoken, and the happy
morrow named.

"Good-morning," at her window now he
greeted her, going by,
Down to the midnight mine all day—her
smile's her bright reply:
"Good-morning," in his heart it sings, and
merrily and fast
From her sweet sight he vanished—far away
into the past!

Glad-hearted plays her needle, and her work
is made of song;
Fancies at loving work for Love lighten slow
Time along.
Slowly the morning dies and slow the evening
hours depart,
And in her cheek the roses climb—their fra-
grance fills her heart.

* The story is related of a young miner, some-
where in the north of Europe, whose body was
found fifty years after his death by the falling in of
a mine, preserved life-like by some chemical prop-
erty in the earth, and was recognized only by the
faithful woman, grown old and withered, to whom
he had been betrothed.

.... Fifty long years of happy Junes and
dreary, dark Decembers!
Fifty long years of smiles and tears—bright
firesides, dying embers!
Fifty long years—on what strange shores have
crawled their broken waves!—
How far away their echoes dead drop down in
memory's caves!

Old crowns from dust gleam, buried, and old
sceptres lie forgot;
Old prisons, earthquake-shaken low, have
opened doors for Thought;
Gray, giant slumberers have waked with blind-
ness in their eyes;
The West has rounded toward the East more
manly destinies.

Some miners toil within a mine one morning
bright and fair,
In olden excavations deep below that morning
air:
When lo! a dreamer lying there, asleep in
youth benign!
And with his dream about him, fresh, they
bring him from the mine.

No one remembers seeing him. None know
him. Who is he?—
Lying a dreamer all alone, a man of mystery!
Full of the love-dream long ago, he seems a
dreamer now:
Yesterday's kiss is in his heart, this morning's
on his brow!

They are all gone, they are all gone, the close-
familiar faces;
Old footsteps falter far away, old echoes lose
their places:
No father, no mother, no brother, steals among
that crowd to see
And find his lost face in their hearts, a buried
memory.

But who is she that comes, her hands long
weary with their part? . . .
From the old coffin of her love he awakens in
her heart!
Love only sleeping there like him leaps up as
live and young
As when the dews of the far days to Maying
roses clung.

Her eyes unblinded by the years of patient-
waiting pain,
She claims him for her own, long-lost; she
clasps him back again;
To a true heart she clasps him back; her
wrinkled features trace
Life's paths of sorrow fifty years—Death has
not seen his face!

"Good-morning," long ago he said: he comes
to say "Good-even."
Love that has lived so long on earth has moul-
ted wings for heaven.
A few more days, the appointed time, Death
will the blessing say:
She knows her fixed betrothal, and she waits
the wedding-day.

JOHN JAMES PIATT.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

WE see with regret that the peculiar weapons of the political newspapers have been borrowed by novelists and dramatists, who, under the pretext of serving public morals, crystallize into art the noisome scandals of the hour, and endeavor to create amusement by exaggerations that darken the shadows and distort the features of our political life. It is very certain that the elevation of politics is not to be secured by making fiction and the drama vehicles of coarse satire upon those who fill public places. It is of course very important and desirable that corruption, inefficiency, and vulgarity among officials should be held up for public scorn, but care must be taken how this is done, lest the purpose in view be defeated. While it is right enough to denounce, with all the force that language is capable of, the misdoings of public men, yet generalizations that assume a universal defection because of the iniquities of a few, are apt to be very hurtful. And it is just generalizations of this character that the novel, the satirical poem, and the drama, are prone to exhibit. These satirical delineations are written more to amuse than to awaken indignant judgment, and really debase public taste and tone by familiarizing the people with pictures of successful effrontery and vulgar chicanery. There is but one way that literature can serve the cause of morals, and this is by awakening disgust for evil and setting examples for emulation. Pictures of depravity may be actually alluring, even while given in the name of virtue. If we laugh with a vulgar schemer, we half-way indorse his sinful ways; if we are amused by the devices of a rogue, we have almost lost our detestation of his roguery; and if we tell ourselves to believe that trickery and deceit characterize whole classes of men, we shall be prone to look upon these vices as necessary weapons in the warfare of the world.

We believe it can be shown that political corruption in this country has steadily developed in almost an exact ratio with the increase of indiscriminate censure of public men. Originally scandal and loose accusation were principally the weapons of mendacious or hot-headed partisans. It was a sort of legitimate thing in political warfare to defame the character of an opponent to the utmost. The result was, that very soon a sort of natural selection began. Men of high tone and principle refused to be targets for indiscriminate dirt-throwing, and gradually gave place to those less sensitive and less scrupulous, until now in too many instances public office is filled by men who frankly accept the situation by practising all the roguery their accus-

ers charge them with. No man can recollect the time in this country when political abuse was not rank and ferocious, but many can recollect the time when political calumny found little justification in the facts. If, then, by persistent scandal, and satire, and denunciation, political life has grown worse—if the stream of calumny from the fountain has poisoned all the current below—it is high time that we planned a remedy for the evil by going to the source. The unjust accusation and the calumnious innuendo are the evils that we ought to take up first in order, if we hope to get our politics back to a state of purity. Not that we should cease to make uncompromising warfare upon corruption wherever discovered, or for an instant abate the severity of punishment for all offenders; but in order that good men may assume public responsibility, we should punish those who wrongfully accuse as well as those who wrongfully do.

Just so long as political calumny is confined to the partisan press, we can do something toward restricting its influence, but if art and literature are to make common cause with the vulgar partisan, the public mind will soon be wholly demoralized. The partisan scandal is directed toward individuals, while the literary or dramatic characterization is made typical of a class. The picture we sometimes see in the novels and plays of the day, of a vulgar, ignorant, declamatory, and scheming Congressman, enters the public imagination as a sort of photograph of the whole class. People, no doubt, detest the picture a good deal at first, but they laugh at it a good deal more, and in the end cease to be concerned in the disreputable facts which it portrays. It may be asserted in defense that satirical pictures of vice have been common in all ages, but it cannot be shown, we think, that they have ever accomplished any good. If they have brought shame and confusion on a few individuals, they have more than balanced this good by an undermining of the public sense of evil—by substituting an attitude of derision and mirth for the high one of righteous anger. Literature and art are designed for intellectual enjoyment, but what intellectual pleasure can be derived from some of our recent political novels, which only serve to amuse those coarse minds that can laugh at extravagant and overdrawn pictures of depravity?

It is possible to conceive of the political novel or play so written as to tend to the elevation of public taste—first, by being within itself high in tone and pure in art; and while by no means failing to denounce evil or to make effrontery and vulgar portraiture ridiculous, so handling these themes as to awaken all the better impulses of the

heart, and not, as is now too often the case, to cause the idle laugh, to fill the imagination with unwholesome ideals, to undo all faith in human nature, to empty the mind of all feeling of respect or veneration, and to convey the secret conviction to the heart that all the world is false, and that success must be won by any means at hand, fair or foul. These productions are wholly offensive in an art sense and wholly injurious in a moral one; but if it were possible to have a really high-toned political novel, something devoted to other purposes than the delineation of the low, mean, and distasteful features of political life, we might hope to see substantial good effected thereby.

It was perhaps in a wholly beneficent spirit that our Park Commissioners furnished all the small town-parks with an abundance of seats for the weary visitors to these green inclosures. But, like many other charitable devices, the result has wofully defeated the good intentions of those kind-hearted gentlemen. The park-seats, instead of proving a feature of attractiveness, have been the means of rendering these public resorts unmitigated nuisances, so that ladies can no longer promenade or linger in them with any sense of security. The reason of this is that the seats draw to the parks nearly every idle and dirty vagabond of the town. Bleary-eyed and bloated toppers, ragged and vicious tramps, soiled and untouchable wretches of all kinds, gather in these places, and stretch themselves upon the ever-ready seats—some of them sleeping off a debauch, and others closely watching every passer-by, as if with some malicious intent. A slightly better class—that is, a class just above begging and vagabondage—go there to smoke their rank pipes, to eject their filthy tobacco-juice right and left over the promenade, and to help to their full degree to render the places noisome and offensive. Of course there are many better people interspersed among these, but the vagabonds are quite numerous enough to render the parks just what we have asserted them to be—great nuisances to a large class who would otherwise like to enjoy them. Now, the remedy for this evil is to remove the free seats, and substitute therefor chairs at a small charge, after the custom generally adopted in Europe. The idea of perfect democracy in our public places is no doubt very fine in theory; although why it is specially democratic to provide free seats in a park more than free seats in an omnibus is not so clear; but, if free seats means lounging-places for all the worthless wretches of the city, the parks have lost one essential democratic feature—they have ceased to be places of resort for the whole people, inasmuch as the reputable class are practically excluded

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therefrom. True democracy has its limitations—it does not give any one the privilege to be as filthy as he pleases, as disgusting in his habits as he likes, or as worthless as he chooses. The parks are designed for and really needed by all that large, respectable mass of people who cannot spend their summers in the country, and not for vagabonds—a class who have no rights that anybody is called upon to consider or respect. In no pleasure-park in the world open to vehicles are carts or business-wagons admitted; hence, if it is right to make a distinction in vehicles, it would be right to make a distinction in persons, and to order the exclusion of every man who comes in rags or dirt, who makes a pool of tobacco-juice upon the pavement, who salutes the nostrils of unoffending citizens with the horrible aroma of a filthy pipe, or in any other way makes himself an object of abhorrence to decent folk. A park is a sort of public parlor, to which everybody is under obligation to come in decent apparel and in his best behavior.

A very different picture in the particular we have dwelt upon is presented in most of the European parks. There the seats are usually chairs, which are furnished by attendants at a nominal price—a penny in England or a sou in Paris. This price, small as it is, serves to exclude vagabonds, and acts as a sort of natural selection in the class of people it brings to the parks, and is notably a means of extending the use of the grounds and of enhancing the pleasure of those who resort to them. When one thinks of the rowdies that congregate in Union Square or at Madison Park, and then recalls the charming domestic scenes he has witnessed in the gardens of the Luxembourg or at the Champs-Élysées, he is ready to head a crusade against the New York outcomes of our democratic leniency. In the Paris parks one will often see a wife and husband seated in their chairs, with their little ones playing about them; the man will be reading to his spouse, and the woman will be engaged in some light bit of sewing or embroidery, while every now and then the little ones will come for a smile or a kiss. The picture is so calm, so restful, so domestic, so wholly felicitous, that the observer will be completely charmed by it, and will wonder why our people have so little genius for extracting pleasure from conditions so simple. But let a family try this experiment here. In a few moments the immovable seats would be neighbored by some ogling toper, and the fair group would become the victims of vulgar laughter or ribald jests from all the assembled mob of rags and dissoluteness. Let us pull up our free and very detestable democratic seats in the parks, and adopt some plan whereby these pleasure-grounds may be made secure and

agreeable for innocent children and reputable women.

If we had not already given so much space to a rather slight matter, we should endeavor to draw a political lesson from the subject—to show how even the mendicancy of a free seat in a park encourages idleness and dissoluteness, and that there can be no such thing as free bestowing without certain demoralizing results. The poor woman who pays her penny for her chair would be compensated by the dignity of proprietorship, the inward satisfaction that she was enjoying what she had earned and purchased, the knowledge that she was in reputable company; and all these satisfactions would be enhanced by the liberty of moving her chair to such positions or to such companionships as she might elect. However, all these deductions and arguments are certain to be of no avail; we run our governments here in the interest of the good-for-nothing, and hence the vagabonds are sure to remain. Perhaps, however, there might be a compromise—one portion of the parks with free seats, and another where one might have a chair and be at his ease at a safe distance from frowzy rags, tobacco-spitters, pipe-smokers, and all other forms of pleasure-ground plagues.

THE editor of *Scribner's Magazine*, writing upon our jury-system, declares that the fact of the service of jurors being compulsory is an outrage upon the rights of the citizen. He says:

"There is no other civil or judicial service into which men are compelled but this. In the time of war the state can compel the service of her sons for her defense, if they do not volunteer; but a state of war is altogether an exceptional condition. In a condition of peace any compulsory service in the making or administration of law is essentially a hardship and an outrage. To be forced to compel this service is to acknowledge slavery to precedent, and confess to scantiness of resources. To force men unpaid, or only inadequately paid, into the service of the courts, to drag them away from their business or their families, imprison them under the charge of officers, and annoy them for days, or weeks, or months, as the case may be, with the details of affairs in which they have no interest whatever, is oppression, against which our people would have kicked long ago but for this hallucination about the sacredness of the jury-trial."

We most heartily concur with the opinion here expressed, and hope to see the time when this view of the question will become much more general. The theory that because A and B have quarreled over some idle matter, or on account of a little money, twelve men must be forcibly taken from their pursuits and be compelled to sacrifice their own personal interests, in order to determine the justice of the dispute, is an outrage which our contemporary does not character-

ize any too strongly. It is a great deal more arbitrary than the compulsion of military service during the time of war. For this the draft is resorted to only at the last extremity, and when drafted a man is not only privileged to send a substitute, but he is often aided in his efforts to obtain one. The compulsory feature is reduced to its minimum. But in jury-matters a man is not permitted to send a substitute; no matter how much his personal interests may suffer by the required service, he obtains no consideration on this account; sickness alone excuses him; and these facts make jury-service one of the most arbitrary and oppressive things in the world. Think, as in the recent Brooklyn case, of men being forced to surrender nearly six months of their time in order to adjust a miserable scandal, and realize the atrocious injustice of the institution!

A remedy for the evil is not difficult to find. In cases of capital crime it may still be necessary to retain the system, removing from it, however, its compulsory feature, so far at least as to select for jurors those only who would not personally or in business suffer by the detention. In the immense range of other questions juries as now constituted are quite unnecessary. Men should be selected and paid for this service just as judges and other officers of the court are selected and remunerated; or all civil cases might be decided by benches of judges, just as appeal and many other classes of cases are now decided. The way to remedy the evil can easily be found just as soon as the public feeling is aroused against it, which has only been delayed because of the popular traditional ideas of the sacredness of the institution. No doubt the jury-system was originally all that is claimed for it. It was the barrier against the despotic mandates of kings; it interposed between authority and the people an important safeguard. But the conditions that rendered the jury so indispensable to the liberties of the people in former times have passed away, and it is now quite time that we employed some method suitable to the requirements of our present civilization.

In the first place, it is a settled thing with every Englishman that America is a fair and legitimate subject for his sneers and mendacious misrepresentations. In the next place, it is a settled thing with every Bostonian that New York is a fair and legitimate subject for his contempt and depreciation. Perhaps we deserve a good many of the sharp things that are said of us, not only in Boston, but in other of the upright and model municipalities of the land; but then sometimes the sneer and the assertion are rather gratuitous. When, for instance, we find a Boston paper deploring the failure

here of Thomas's orchestral performances, and declaring that "New York has had the exquisite music of the most perfect band in the world lavished upon its dull, coarse ear in vain," indignation is smothered in surprise. But the accusation is so worded, however, that, if the asserted fact fall to the ground, the rest is a very good but unintended compliment to us. What authority has this critic for saying that the "exquisite music of the most perfect band in the world" has been lavished upon our "dull, coarse ear" ("dull, coarse ear" is good and Bostonian) in vain? The fact is—but perhaps our amiable critic does not care for facts that uncomfortably jostle his theories—that this "exquisite music" of Mr. Thomas's band has not lacked a full and remunerative following during this and all preceding summers. We say remunerative rather than appreciative, because evidently, with our "dull, coarse ears," it must be our money and not our tastes to which Mr. Thomas's success is to be attributed. However, there is something in employing our money in good directions, whatever may be the motive; and hence our Boston friend, in conceding that we have in New York "the most perfect band in the world," has only to discover that Mr. Thomas's success will keep him in our midst, to see how the facts give us praise, despite the efforts of our defamer.

Literary.

THE most surprising of recent discoveries in natural history is unquestionably that of plants which possess the power not only to catch and destroy animal prey, but to digest and absorb its nutritive elements by a process analogous in all respects to that which goes on in the human stomach. Several monographs on the subject have appeared both in this country and in England during the past year or two, and we in our science department, as well as the scientific journals, have made the leading facts familiar to the public, but Mr. Darwin's "Insectivorous Plants" is the first systematic and authoritative exposition of the matter, and, as is customary with that author, it is thorough and exhaustive.

The greater portion of Mr. Darwin's observations are devoted to the *Drosera rotundifolia*, popularly called "sun-dew," which grows wild in many parts of England, and which belongs to the family of *Droseraceae*, which includes upward of one hundred species, ranging in the Old World from the arctic regions to Southern India, the Cape of Good Hope, Madagascar, and Australia, and in the New World from Canada to Tierra del Fuego. His attention was first drawn to it in the summer of 1860 by finding how large a number of insects were caught by its leaves on a

heath in Sussex, and, believing that this could hardly be attributable to accident, he forthwith began an elaborate series of experiments, the results of which are given in detail in the present work. "These results have proved highly remarkable, the more important ones being—first, the extraordinary sensitiveness of the glands to slight pressure and to minute doses of certain nitrogenous fluids, as shown in the movements of the so-called hairs or tentacles; secondly, the power possessed by the leaves of rendering soluble or digesting nitrogenous substances, and of afterward absorbing them; thirdly, the changes which take place within the cells of the tentacles when the glands are excited in various ways."

The plant has been frequently described in the various scientific journals, but it may be well, before proceeding further, to refresh the reader's memory with a description of it. It bears from two or three to five or six leaves, generally extended more or less horizontally, but sometimes standing vertically upward. The leaves are commonly a little broader than long. The whole upper surface is covered with gland-bearing filaments, or "tentacles," as Mr. Darwin calls them, from their manner of acting. The glands were counted on thirty-one leaves, and the average number to a leaf was one hundred and ninety-two; the greatest number being two hundred and sixty, and the least one hundred and thirty. Each gland is surrounded by large drops of an extremely viscid secretion, which, glittering in the sun, have given rise to the plant's poetical name of the "sun-dew." A tentacle consists of a thin, straight, hair-like pedicel, carrying a gland on the summit. The tentacles on the central part of the leaf are short and stand upright, and their pedicels are green. Toward the margin they become longer and longer, and more inclined outward, with their pedicels of a purple color. Those on the extreme margin project in the same plane with the leaf, or more commonly are considerably reflexed. A few tentacles spring from the base of the footstalk, and these are the longest of all, being sometimes nearly one-fourth of an inch in length. The glands, with the exception of those borne by the extreme marginal tentacles, are oval, and of nearly uniform size, viz., about $\frac{1}{100}$ of an inch in length. They have the power of absorption, besides that of secretion; and they are extremely sensitive to various stimulants, namely, repeated touches, the pressure of minute particles, the absorption of animal matter and of various fluids, heat, and galvanic action. Insects furnish the chief nutriment of the plant (the roots being very poorly developed), and these are captured by means of the viscid fluid surrounding the glands. As soon as even the smallest insect is thus entangled, the tentacles bend slowly inward from all directions and carry it to the centre of the leaf, where it is digested and absorbed; after which, the tentacles reexpand very slowly, being then ready for further prey. The chemical changes which take place in the plant during this entire process are most remarkable, and are described by Mr. Darwin with great minuteness of detail; but we can only find room for

the paragraph (summarizing his numerous experiments) in which he proves that the leaves "are capable of true digestion, and that the glands absorb the digested matter:"

"The gastric juice of animals contains, as is well known, an acid and a ferment, both of which are indispensable for digestion, and so it is with the secretion of *Drosera*. When the stomach of an animal is mechanically irritated, it secretes an acid, and when particles of glass or other such objects were placed on the glands of *Drosera*, the secretion, and that of the surrounding and untouched glands, was increased in quantity and became acid. But, according to Schiff, the stomach of an animal does not secrete its proper ferment, pepsine, until certain substances, which he calls *peptogenes*, are absorbed; and it appears from my experiments that some matter must be absorbed by the glands of *Drosera* before they secrete their proper ferment. That the secretion does contain a ferment which acts only in the presence of an acid or solid animal matter, was clearly proved by adding minute doses of an alkali, which entirely arrested the process of digestion, this immediately recommencing as soon as the alkali was neutralized by a little weak hydrochloric acid. From trials made with a large number of substances, it was found that those which the secretion of *Drosera* dissolved completely, or partially, or not at all, are acted on in exactly the same manner by gastric juice. We may therefore conclude that the ferment of *Drosera* is closely analogous to, or identical with, the pepsine of animals."

That a plant and an animal should pour forth the same, or nearly the same, complex secretion, adapted for the same purpose of digestion, is a new and surely a wonderful fact in physiology; and even more wonderful is the structure of the plant, by which, in the absence of a nervous system, so complicated a process is accomplished. Perhaps the most striking feature of this structure is the extreme sensitiveness of the glands to pressure. Says Mr. Darwin on this point:

"It is an extraordinary fact that a little bit of soft thread, $\frac{1}{100}$ of an inch in length, and weighing $\frac{1}{100}$ of a grain, or of a human hair, $\frac{1}{100}$ of an inch in length, and weighing only $\frac{1}{100}$ of a grain, or particles of precipitated chalk, after resting for a short time on a gland, should induce some change in its cells, exciting them to transmit a motor impulse throughout the whole pedicel, consisting of about twenty cells, to near its base, causing this part to bend, and the tentacle to sweep through an angle of above 180°. That the contents of the cells of the glands, and afterward those of the pedicels, are affected in a plainly visible manner by the pressure of minute particles, we shall have abundant evidence when we treat of the aggregation of protoplasm. But the case is much more striking than as yet stated; for the particles are supported by the viscid and dense secretion; nevertheless, even smaller ones than those of which the measurements have been given, when brought by an insensibly slow movement, through the means above specified, into contact with the surface of a gland, act on it, and the tentacle bends. The pressure exerted by the particle of hair, weighing only $\frac{1}{100}$ of a grain, and supported by a dense fluid, must have been inconceivably slight. We may conjecture that it could hardly have equaled the millionth of a grain; and we shall hereafter see that far less than the millionth of a grain of phosphate of ammonia in solution, when absorbed by a gland, acts

* Insectivorous Plants. By Charles Darwin, M.A., F.R.S. With Illustrations. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

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on it and induces movement. A bit of hair, of an inch in length, and therefore much larger than those used in the above experiments, was not perceived when placed on my tongue; and it is extremely doubtful whether any nerve in the human body, even if in an inflamed condition, would be in any way affected by such a particle supported in a dense fluid, and slowly brought into contact with the nerve. Yet the cells of the glands of Drosera are thus excited to transmit a motor impulse to a distant point, inducing movement. It appears to me that hardly any more remarkable fact than this has been observed in the vegetable kingdom."

Among the other insect-eating plants described by Mr. Darwin, the most remarkable is the *Dionea*, a small plant which grows only in a limited district of North Carolina, and which catches its prey by the quick closing together of its double-lobed leaf when touched. It is not possible, however, for us to follow the author further in his interesting observations; but must content ourselves with recommending the book to all lovers of natural history. We recommend it especially to those who are inclined to distrust Mr. Darwin as a biologist, for scarcely any of his works illustrates so conspicuously the tireless industry with which he accumulates facts, and the extreme care with which he guards his conclusions.

MR. FRANK LEE BENEDICT is an excellent illustration of what a moderate amount of talent can accomplish by steady work and careful cultivation. It is no very long time since his literary efforts were confined to a monthly periodical, designed specially for circulation among the semi-cultured multitude, and but two or three years have elapsed since "My Daughter Elinor" introduced him for the first time to the general public. The utmost that could be said of "My Daughter Elinor" was that it was a plausibly mediocre first work, and little more could be added concerning his two or three following ones; but in "St. Simon's Niece" (New York: Harper & Brothers) we have distinctly a novel which is deserving of very high praise. It may be urged, indeed, that the story is sensational, that it is unnecessarily painful, that it compels us to associate with bad company, that it reveals a perilous tendency on the part of the author to indulge in morbid mental anatomy, and that its tone altogether is too cynical and *blasé* to be healthful—all this may be said with truth, yet without impairing the fact that the novel is one the power of which not only compels recognition, but fairly drives out for the time being all consciousness of these or any other defects. The plot, to begin with, is intensely dramatic, and at the same time coherent and "thinkable;" it is developed with such skill that the interest is maintained from first to last; and there is scarcely a single character who does not furnish, in the course of the story, an adequate reason for his (or her) existence. Few creations of modern fiction are more distinctly individual or more vividly portrayed than St. Simon, the handsome, witty, wily, unscrupulous adventurer and swindler, and the even more handsome, witty, wily, and unscrupulous niece of

St. Simon. The latter is the principal character in the book, and is well worthy of study, but any attempt to analyze it here would not only require more space than we can spare, but would also reveal more of the story than the reader would like to know beforehand. Those who can recall Sister Helen, in Rossetti's ballad of that name, will have caught one phase of her character—that of a passionate woman whom disappointed love has rendered as revengeful, as cruel, and as pitiless as a savage. Fanny St. Simon, however, is a vastly more complex character than Sister Helen; and the constant struggle between her good and evil impulses, between the careless, unselfish generosity of a born Bohemian and the fierce egotism of a woman who would commit murder rather than lose her lover, between blind passion on the one hand and the clear insight of a thoroughly worldly woman on the other, furnishes a memorable leaf out of the great book of human nature. One more feature of Fanny's character is worthy of mention: she is an admirable specimen of that rare creature in fiction who is not only represented by the author as being almost supernaturally witty and intelligent, but actually illustrates it in her recorded conversations. All the dialogue in which she participates is excellent, and portions of it read like passages out of the old comedies.

Not less life-like, and scarcely less striking, than the portraits of St. Simon and Fanny are those of Talbot Castlemaine, Fanny's weak, sensual, vacillating, unprincipled lover, love of whom wrecked at least two women's lives; of Roland Spencer, generous, high-spirited, and with the unsophisticated enthusiasm of youth; of Gregory Alleyne and Helen Devereux, to whom are assigned the heavy, respectable rôles. Even the minor characters are individual and skillfully drawn. Mrs. Pattaker is rather overdone, perhaps, and "the Tortoise" is too consistently and persistently idiotic; but both are genuinely humorous conceptions, and are seldom permitted to become tedious.

Almost the only fault we have to find with "St. Simon's Niece" is the occasional carelessness of style, which not seldom lapses into vulgarity. An author with a vocabulary as copious as that of Mr. Benedict ought to be above using slang in his own person under any circumstances, and it is surely a superfluity of naughtiness to manufacture it. If he insists upon it, however, it is to be hoped that he will append a vocabulary of original slang-terms to his future works. We have not the slightest idea what a "jubby" man is, and yet, if we are to encounter the word seven times in a single story, we certainly consider ourselves entitled to a definition.

AFTER conceding to Mr. A. E. Newton all the credit due to good intentions, we are obliged to inform him that his tract entitled "The Better Way: An Appeal to Men in Behalf of Human Culture through Wiser Parentage" (New York: Wood & Holbrook) is an impertinent, feeble, and vulgar production. His cardinal premise, that the men and women of our day (and of all other days of

which we have any knowledge) pay too little heed to the conditions, physical and moral, of wise parentage, is well enough; but reform which aims at a practical object should at least attempt to use practical means, and not begin by ignoring the most powerfully operative impulses of human nature. We infer from his closing section that Mr. Newton thinks that the chief objection to his suggestions lies against their high moral plane; but the difficulty with them is not that they are too moral, but that they are foolish. One of them, for example, is to the effect that a woman before being called upon to bear children should feel that she is "independent and self-supporting. . . . Her husband should remember that her services in making home what a home should be, and surely in bearing the burdens of maternity, are above all price . . . and in any case where a wife performs her part with ordinary fidelity, she may fairly be considered entitled to one-half the income, whatever it be, and to the same freedom in the use of her share as has the husband of his." If this meant that the wife, thus secured an equal share of the income, was to be held equally responsible with the husband for the joint family expenses, for the education of the children, and for making provision for their future, we presume few husbands would object to an arrangement which would materially reduce their special burdens; but that no such thing was in the author's mind is evident from a subsequent paragraph, in which he insists that one of the plainest duties of a father—in addition, we presume, to giving half his income to the mother—is to "provide properly for the education and support of his children."

A CONVENTION of German editors is now in session at Bremen for the purpose of trying to induce the Imperial Government to remove some of the present restrictions upon the press. It is not very probable that much can be accomplished in this direction at the present time, but the convention may, by perfecting the union of editors throughout the country, prepare the way for the great movement which must, at some future period, break through the trammels with which old-time prejudices still strive to restrain liberty of thought throughout the greater part of Europe.

Only a few details have yet been received concerning the composition and organization of this convention. But a general notice of some of the most remarkable newspapers of the empire will serve to show what sort of material is represented therein. The first newspaper in Germany, as to tone, character, and reputation, is probably the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, or *Universal Gazette*, of Augsburg. Though it is published in an old-fashioned, provincial city, this paper is known and honored in every part of the civilized world, and has a history of which it may well be proud. Founded by the famous Cotta publishing-house, in 1798, at Tübingen, it was soon afterward removed to Stuttgart, then to Ulm, and was finally located at Augsburg, where it quickly acquired that world-wide fame which it has never ceased to deserve. Its fearless advocacy of liberal principles at a time—previous to 1848—when the reactionary spirit which followed Napoleon's invasion of Russia had made the German rulers almost absolute, caused it to be

looked upon as the chosen mouth-piece of the people's party. Herwegh, Hoffmann, Freiligrath, and the other great poet-patriots of Germany, were among its contributors, and its utterances during that dark era were largely instrumental in bringing on the great uprising that marked the middle of our century. During the period which has succeeded its political character has undergone some change, and, in the altered positions of German parties, its standing is less clearly defined than formerly; yet, in the truest and widest sense of the term, it is still thoroughly liberal. This paper consists of two parts, one of which is chiefly made up of correspondence from various parts of the world, while the other is a sort of supplement, containing the latest news, together with reviews of books and literary sketches.

Another German paper which is extremely popular, both at home and abroad, is the *Kölnische Zeitung*, or *Cologne Gazette*. This is a large, well-printed daily, truly liberal in politics, and edited with marked ability. Its news reports are always very full and reliable, and in this particular department it is unsurpassed by any Continental paper, not even excepting the *Independence Belge*, of Brussels.

One of the most notable papers in Berlin is the *Neue Preussische Zeitung*, or *New Prussian Gazette*, commonly called the *Kreuz*—"Cross"—*Zeitung*, on account of the large black cross which decorates its heading. This journal has long been known as an organ of the reaction-party. It deals with political questions, not only in its own proper columns, but also in a supplementary publication called the *Rundschau*, or "Outlook," of the *Kreuz-Zeitung*, which is issued at certain intervals during the year. Some years ago it was so persistent in its laudation of that union of the Eastern European monarchies, led by Russia against the first Napoleon, that it was generally considered a special advocate of Russian aims and principles. Indeed, it was then looked upon by many Germans as a mere agent of the czar; and a well-known scientific man of Berlin, having been asked whether he was in the habit of reading the *Kreuz-Zeitung*, replied: "No; I don't understand Russian well enough for that."

Opposed to, and very different from, the last-named journal are the *Berlinische Nachrichten*, or *Berlin News*, and the *Spener'sche Zeitung* (*Spener Gazette*)—two influential and well-conducted Berlin papers, published every day. They resemble each other in their general character, and both contain, besides their news reports and political articles, many very creditable sketches on literature, science, and art.

The *Schlesische Zeitung* (*Silesian Gazette*) is one of the oldest newspapers in the world, having been established in the first half of the eighteenth century, before the Great Frederick had made Silesia a part of Prussia. It is still published at Breslau, where it was originally established, and is a large, flourishing daily paper, containing ample news reports, able editorials, and unusually good reviews of new publications. Of the illustrated newspapers, properly so called, the best is the *Illustrirte Zeitung* (*Illustrated Gazette*), published every Saturday at Leipzig. It resembles the *London Illustrated News* in its general style, and its pictures, which are usually very appropriate and interesting, are well drawn and admirably engraved. But the most universally popular of the German illustrated papers is *Die Gartenlaube* (*The Garden-arbor*) also published at Leipzig. This, however, is a literary journal, intended for the family-circle, and cannot be considered a newspaper. Its regular sub-

scribers, in Germany alone, amounted some years ago to five hundred and twelve thousand; and since that time their number has been largely increased.

Kladderadatsch, the Berlin *Charivari* or *Punch*, was established in 1848, and has become a great favorite all over Germany. It is a small sheet, containing humorous pictorial hits at passing events, ordinarily of a political character. Its humor is apt to be a little coarse, and its letter-press is seldom equal to its designs; but both are often very amusing, and frequently convey keen and forcible expressions of public opinion.

At the Vienna Exposition, held a few years since, the indomitable Heinrich Stephan, who has since perfected the great international postal treaty lately signed by all the European powers and the United States, prepared an exhibition of German serials, which attracted a great deal of attention. One of the most noticeable features of this exhibition was the space allotted to *Die Modenwelt* (*The Fashion-World*), a lady's newspaper, of Leipzig. Ranged around a copy of the original German publication were about a dozen other lady's journals, all regularly issued in English, Dutch, Danish, Swedish, Bohemian, Hungarian, French, Spanish, Italian, and Polish cities, and all literal translations of the corresponding number of *Die Modenwelt*. The energy of the German paper in collecting materials and providing itself with the latest advices on dress and fashion received a very practical acknowledgment in this conception of the German Inspector-General of Post-Offices.

Even the ultramontane and ultra-reactionary papers of Germany are directly interested in the accomplishment of the objects for which the convention at Bremen has been called—namely, greater liberty as to publications, and the right to withhold the names of contributors. It is probable, therefore, that great unanimity will mark its sessions while these important points are under discussion. And, if such should be the case, there can be no doubt that the German Government will look with respect upon the action of the united German press, and be in some measure influenced by it.

In one of those finely appreciative obituary articles for which the *Spectator* is noted, the late Professor Cairnes is thus described as to certain of his mental qualities: "Mr. Cairnes was a formidable and somewhat unsparing controversialist. His indignation and contempt were easily aroused, either by moral or intellectual faults; but the forcible expression of these feelings to which he was sometimes prompt was always, so to say, transfused through and sustained by close and candid reasoning. He never condescended to the slightest trick or unfairness, or any use of arguments *ad captandum* or *ad hominem*, but always wrote like an advocate perfectly confident both in the justice of his cause and in the intelligence of his jury. Still, we cannot but regret the extent to which, especially in discussing questions of general politics, he lapsed into the oneness of a mere advocate, instead of the more comprehensive and judicial treatment which we might have expected from a scientifically-trained observer of social phenomena. Perhaps a certain rigidity of intellect, naturally combined with the qualities that constituted his peculiar excellence as a political economist, somewhat unfitted him for a department of thought where the method is so much more vague and disputable, and where the attainment of truth depends on a delicate balancing of complicated and desperate con-

siderations. But even in strictly economic controversy he sometimes showed a curious incapacity for entering into the point of view of an antagonist; of which his argument against Professor Jevons in his last treatise affords a striking example. On the other hand, he had the rare and valuable gift of seeing error with the same perfect distinctness with which he saw truth; so that his exposure of real fallacies and confusions of thought in his opponents is always delightful to read, from its clear and crushing completeness. Indeed, such essays as his review of Bastiat have the same educational value as his expository treatises; for in a subject where fallacies and confusions of thought beset the student at every step, this 'teaching by contraries' is an almost necessary supplement of direct exposition. And after all deductions are made, we cannot but feel that there is no one left who can fill the place of Mr. Cairnes as a master of either method of instruction; even if we consider only what he actually did, and do not allow ourselves to conjecture what, under happier circumstances, he might have done."

Mr. W. F. RAE is engaged upon a companion-work to his "Wilkes, Sheridan, Fox; the Opposition under George III.," which will be entitled "George Washington; the American Opposition to George III.," . . . Mr. Browning's new poem will be out in October. It treats of the effect produced on the mind by sudden loss of fortune. . . . Mommsen, the German historian, delivered an address at a recent *fiête* given by the University of Berlin, in which he said that his countrymen would be deceived if they hoped to find an element of prosperity in fresh victories. . . . Mr. Bain is said to have objected to the publication of some of the letters addressed to him by John Stuart Mill. . . . The clerical journals of Antwerp attack violently the Communal Council there for allowing a translation of Mr. Smiles's "Self-Help" to be given as a prize in the communal schools. They declare the work to be of an anti-religious nature. . . . PICTURESQUE EUROPE of which the public expectation is keen, will be edited by Bayard Taylor, the fittest man for the task, indisputably, in the whole country.

Music and the Drama.

THE name of Dr. Hans von Bülow ranks not far below those of Wagner and Liszt in the interest which it excites among the music-loving people of Europe and America. It is not merely in virtue of his extraordinary powers as a pianist, though these give him such a rank as to place him beyond competition, except by Rubinstein and Liszt, the latter of whom is now retired from the active field. Von Bülow's greatness gets its peculiar quality from the fact that, to wonderful abilities as a performer, he adds intellectual power and a searching culture, which would have given him eminence as a *littérateur*, philosopher, or jurist.

It is the misfortune of most musicians, even composers, that they are the slaves of a special sense on which few of the side-lights of thought let fall their radiance. They pursue their faculty whithersoever it leads in the fixed channels, without troubling themselves to seek the food and growth which come of a wide mental survey. Even such great men

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as Beethoven and Mozart, living in an epoch of large mental activity, were little more than children in their thoughts outside of the mere world of music, in which they reigned so supremely.

It seems to be the province of the Wagner school of music to attract to itself disciples who are not simply great artists, but who are keen and cultured thinkers. Wagner's theories are linked in the interdependence of music with the other arts, and built up on a philosophical idea. No one has done more to illustrate these theories, the illustrious founder excepted, alike as an artist and a thinker, than Dr. von Bülow. At an early stage of his career he threw himself into the war raging between the old and new with a zeal which has never shown abatement. As pianist and musician, then, we may expect to welcome in this player the most competent and enthusiastic exponent of the Wagner doctrines now living, next to the prophet and law-giver himself. As he is now looked for in this country, a few brief particulars of his career will be of interest.

The son of a distinguished novelist and *littérateur*, Baron von Bülow, he studied music under the celebrated Wieck, the father of Clara Schumann, who did so much to inaugurate the revolution in piano-forte playing. At the age of eighteen he entered himself at the University of Berlin for the purpose of studying law, and made himself foremost among those whose pronounced gifts betokened a brilliant career on the bar and bench. The innate musical feeling, however, was too strong, and, by the advice of Liszt, he concluded, at the close of his university studies, to devote himself to music. He pursued his art with great assiduity, under the instruction of the celebrated *virtuoso*, then at the most dazzling height of his reputation, and drew from him his large and liberal views of music. Adopting Liszt's theories of the function of the piano, which differed widely from the methods of Mozart, Hummel, Moscheles, and Thalberg, he learned to treat the instrument as an orchestra, and make it an organ of all the heights and depths of musical expression, so far as its limitations would permit. No compositions were regarded beyond the reach of an aggressive *technique*.

The young disciple also came to the assistance of the *Kunstwerk der Zukunft*, or "Art-Work of the Future," under which name the new school had commenced its battle, in the columns of the leading musical reviews, and made himself marked by the boldness, eloquence, and vigor of his writing. The attention of Germany was drawn to the champion, and, when he first commenced his concert-tour in 1853, he was already a man of note. For several years he pursued a brilliant career as piano-forte player, and professor at the conservatory of Berlin, and devoted himself to the labors of poet and critic, as well as those of composer, teacher, and performer. He broke the shell of the mere *virtuoso*, and became a master, in the widest sense.

In 1859 Von Bülow went to Paris, and created such a *furore* by his extraordinary playing as had not been witnessed since the palmiest days of Liszt and Chopin. Wagner

had been a failure and *bête noire* among the gay Parisians, but his most outspoken champion carried every thing before him, and became one of the lions of the art-world. The next ten years of our pianist's life were given to the work of founding a great conservatory at Munich, and illustrating the new school both as author and musician. He was selected by Wagner to lead alternately with himself at the representations of his operas in Munich, where only at that time his works found appreciative audiences.

England had never heard Von Bülow till 1873, in which year he was induced to continue the triumphs he had made in France and Germany. A very bitter feeling among the critics and musicians against Wagner and his followers existed generally, and the player had to fight against a strong tide of prejudice. This, however, was triumphantly overcome, and the series of Albert-Hall and Philharmonic concerts of 1873 and '74 were such as to create a great enthusiasm. The best judges were free to confess that his interpretation seemed to recreate the works of the great masters. As conductor, too, he excited extraordinary interest by his magnetic control of the orchestra, and mere mechanism seemed to disappear entirely from their work under the inspiration of his *bâton*. The effect produced by Von Bülow as a pianist is very well illustrated by the following criticism in the *Athenæum*, for many years a most bitter opponent of Wagner's theories and adherents, while its musical columns were under the control of the late Henry Chorley: "The more frequently Dr. Bülow performs, the more demonstrative does the approbation of his audience become. This result is very natural. The marked individuality which characterizes his style at first startled those artists and amateurs who had heard him for the first time. As they have followed him in various works, with or without orchestra, the admiration produced by his intellectual and poetic conception of the composers whose works he has interpreted by his marvelous mechanism, has steadily increased. So irresistible is the influence of an independent thinker, that compositions as familiar as household words have been, so to speak, recreated. The most able and experienced pianists of this metropolis do not hesitate to declare that to hear Dr. Bülow's performances is to recommence their lesson and practice."

We quote this from a grave and cautious critical authority to justify the hope so generally entertained that America will hear in Bülow an exponent of the piano, in some respects superior even it may be to Rubinstein. The latter is the possessor of a fiery and intense individuality, which colors and assimilates the whole of his performances to a very remarkable extent. To such a degree did he carry this, that at times he took extraordinary liberties with the text of his work; never failing, indeed, to invest his interpretation with a superb and suggestive poetry, but often wandering from the motive and feeling of the composer. Dr. Bülow, among other claims to public interest, we are told, is a most exact and thoughtful scholar in projecting his art-work, and assiduously aims to sink his own individuality in that of the

master whose medium he for the moment becomes.

To the more advanced class of musical lovers and students, this *virtuoso* will be less interesting as the mere player than as a great champion and illustrator of Wagnerism. It is said that he succeeds in introducing the essential principles of the new school of music in his playing. How he does this, by what peculiarities of *technique* and style he achieves what at first thought seems an impossibility, will be awaited with no little curiosity.

Mr. BARRY SULLIVAN made his first appearance at Booth's Theatre on the 30th ultimo, under circumstances peculiarly offensive to good taste. Why because a man is an Irishman, and has acted Shakespearean parts with moderate success in the English provinces, his appearance on the American boards should be made the occasion of a noisy and sensational ovation, with military bands, regiments in uniform, flying banners, lanterns, and a general meaningless turbulence, it is not easy to say. Assuredly there is no connection between the artistic rendition of a part like *Hamlet* and the boisterous frolicking of a horse-race or an agricultural fair. The whole artificial excitement of Mr. Sullivan's opening night, with the procession, the music, the military, the addresses to the mob, were of a character calculated to do the actor great injury in the estimation of all sensible people; and as a protest against degrading clap-trap of the kind it would be well if the better class of theatre-goers should leave Mr. Sullivan severely alone during his visit to this country. Those who manufactured the distasteful ado of the occasion ought to be taught that this is not the way to win the suffrages of the people for art. *Hamlets* and *Othellos* are scarcely to be forced down our throats by the bayonets of a popular regiment, nor is public criticism to be drowned by drum and trumpet, or seduced from the right paths by bunting and Chinese lanterns.

Mr. Sullivan is a long way from being a great actor. He has a very pleasing face and presence, a fine, mellow voice, and he knows how to pose in very picturesque attitudes, and to fill the eye with a succession of well-studied stage-pictures. He unites in these particulars the instincts of the sculptor and the painter; his eminently picturesque make-ups show a fine taste for color, and his attitudes evince a plastic grace that would make him always an attractive actor in purely picturesque parts. Nor is he without a calm, balanced intelligence. But there is absolutely no fire and no imagination. His cool judgment keeps him always from rant or turbulence; he never "oversteps the modesty of Nature;" in truth, Nature with him is rather closely veiled, and one can get no more than faint glimpses of her true form and being. He errs altogether on the side of tameness. His grasp of *Hamlet* is of the stage, stagey—that is, it is just that perception of the part that a thoroughly-trained actor would have who has limited his study to all the external arts—of how he shall walk, how he shall

stand, how he shall sit, how he shall do this and that piece of "business," how and where he shall deliver this and that line—but there is no subjective insight, no heed of the fires that burn within, no psychological study, no imaginative grasp of the character of the melancholy and philosophic prince. His conception is that *Hamlet* is wholly sane, but he never succeeds in catching even the spirit of the assumed madness; no "antic disposition" confounds the court; he never "unpacks his heart with words," for his heart carries no burden. So sedate, so calm, so sane, so balanced, so fine and courtly a *Hamlet* would never have given king, queen, or courtiers, a moment's uneasiness. He listens to the players in their trial-speeches coolly, and when he finds himself alone gives no hint, in the most impulsive and passionate speech in the play, either in manner or expression, of the tumult of feeling which the words describe. In the play-scene he makes a telling picture by graceful posing on the floor; and in fact throughout this actor is always good in a stage-sense, but never really any thing more. He is not vigorous enough to please the untutored, nor introspective enough to charm the lovers of Shakespeare's great creation.

THE current tone of amusements has had an agreeable and unique variation in the performance of the juvenile Mexican Opera Troupe at Daly's Theatre. For the most part, we associate with childish performers a pretty *naïveté*, merely a lisping, stammering approach toward art, with which we sympathize as with the every-day gambols of childhood, or else we are pained with watching the results of some drill, prematurely imposed for the construction of a formal mechanism.

Neither of these feelings found place in listening to the childish artists of this troupe, whose ages range from six to fifteen years. The whole performance, while showing the marks of a fruitful discipline and hard work, had none of that cold, metallic click ordinarily found in child-actors. In some respects, indeed, the performers indicated a large share of the genuine artistic spirit. This came out specially in the singing and acting of Carmen, Guadalupe, and Estevan U. Y. Moron (*Grande-Duchesse, Wanda, and Fritz*). To hear their childish voices "pipe out" such marvelous imitations of the best performers of the school of French *opéra-bouffe*, was as quaint and amusing a thing as can be well imagined. It was no soulless mimicry, but a reproduction exact and finished, colored and brightened by a genuine childish quaintness. All the *chic* and flexibility in acting, all the vocal tricks and graces, so far as the organs of children could execute them, were charmingly effected, even to runs and trills.

The entertainment was one of so much interest, so far apart from the commonplace and familiar, that we regret it could not have been lengthened to an engagement of another week. The many children in the audience, and the deep interest shown by them, would seem to indicate that there is an untrodden field in the way of standard amusements which might be profitably filled.

From Abroad.

OUR PARIS LETTER.

August 17, 1875.

THE warm weather, which has set in at last, has rather hindered any artistic or literary developments for the past week. People are thinking of getting out of town more than of enjoying new books, new pictures, or new plays. But summer is wellnigh over, and I, for one, will not be sorry to say farewell to its dullness. For summer is a dull season in all cities, even in Paris.

Nevertheless, there is some small activity manifested by the publishers. Michel Lévy has just issued a new novel by George Sand, entitled "*Flammarie*." The "*Tales of a Grandmother*," by the same celebrated author, is now running as a *feuilleton* through the columns of one of the leading journals of Paris. Deguerre-Cadot has published "*The Mystery of Westfield*," an American romance in the style of Edgar Poe (they pronounce the poet's surname as a word of two syllables over here, by-the-by), by Emile Desbeaux. The twelfth number of the "*Geography*" of Elisee Reclus has just been issued by Hachette, and the fourth volume of Houssaye's "*Mille et une Nuits Parisiennes*" ("*La Dame aux Diamants*"), by Dentu. From the same publisher we have a very remarkable novel by Béliot, which is interesting as containing sundry curious details respecting the houses for female correction, or feminine prisons, of France. This work, which forms the fourth volume of a series entitled "*Mundane Mysteries*," bears the name of "*Une Maison Centrale des Femmes*." The details respecting the regulations of such houses have been carefully collected from authentic sources, and the work abounds in curious information and authentic anecdotes. We give an extract which may prove interesting:

"In these prisons for women absolute silence forms a portion of the penalty. Any infraction of this enforced dumbness is severely punished. Even during recreation, which is merely a promenade in the yard, it is forbidden to the prisoners to communicate with each other. The greatest favor that can be conferred on them is to restore to them, if but for a moment, their liberty of speech. Yet, they never fail to abuse the privilege. To prove that statement we have only to cite the following official anecdote:

"M. Baille, the director of the most important of these prisons, was, in 1862, invited to the *fêtes* at Compiègne, and was questioned by the empress respecting certain details relative to the regulations of the establishment of which he was the director. On learning the rule of enforced silence, the empress said, pityingly: 'Poor women, that is a severe punishment. I desire that your sojourn here and my conversation with you should be of some service to them, and I request you to permit your prisoners to converse freely together during twenty-four hours.'

"Of course M. Baille was obliged to give orders to that effect. At once a number of private conversations were organized. But one hour later the conversations were changed into arguments. Cries and screams succeeded, heads grew hot, and all these unhappy creatures, habituated to silence, became drunken with their own words, like a usually sober man whom one glass of wine intoxicates. They disputed, they quarreled, they struck each other, they flung the earthen pots at each other's

heads. It was necessary to summon the turnkeys, and they were saluted by cries of 'Vive la République!'

"That we have been permitted the use of speech," the prisoners had said among each other, "is a sign that great events have taken place; the empire must have been overthrown and the republic proclaimed. Let us salute this new revolution!"

"It was hard to persuade them that Napoleon III. still occupied the throne of France, and that it was to the intervention of the empress that they owed the favor which they had just abused."

Among these female prisoners were several criminals of peculiar atrocity.

"The only one who was put into solitary confinement was La Quiniou, who, after having tried to set fire to the prison at Rennes without succeeding, managed, on the 5th of June, 1871, to burn down the female prison at Vannes by means of placing hot coals under packets of rags. One prisoner was suffocated, and the establishment was totally destroyed. For this crime La Quiniou was condemned to death, but her punishment was commuted to perpetual imprisonment. She would have been suffered to remain amid the other prisoners, and would have lived side by side with them, had she not had the impudence, when in the cart that was conveying her to the Maison Centrale, to say to her companions: 'They had better look out, or I'll burn down Clermont, as I have burned Vannes!' This speech being repeated to M. Baille, he demanded and received permission to place his dangerous charge in solitary confinement.

"Among the criminals of a higher station of life might be mentioned the famous Madame Frigid, who was condemned to perpetual imprisonment for having poisoned one of her friends in the forest of Fontainebleau, and Mademoiselle Doudet, the English governess, who was sentenced to ten years' confinement for having inflicted atrocious tortures on the children confided to her care. The case of this last was a curious one, on account of the protection and sympathy which were accorded to her. A Protestant clergyman, an ambassador, three cabinet ministers, a lord, and a royal personage, were all interested in the fate of that creature. Solicited on all sides, forced at last to obey formal orders from those higher in authority, the director was obliged to separate Mademoiselle Doudet from the other women, to give her a spacious apartment as a bedroom, and to supply her table with delicate food. In the interests of discipline, M. Baille soon obtained the removal of Mademoiselle Doudet from his establishment."

M. Julian Klaczko, in the current number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, continues his interesting sketch of Prince Bismarck. He gives an account of a little incident that occurred in 1865, and which created at the time much talk. The convention of Gastein had just been concluded, and the famous interview of Biarritz had not yet taken place, when, in the month of August of that year, happened what was called the Lucca affair. The great future prince-chancellor of the empire, then merely the Count von Bismarck, sat for a *carte-de-visite* photograph in company with Madame Lucca, then prima donna of the Royal Opera-House at Berlin. Our author says that they were taken in a romantic attitude, a story in which there is not a word of truth, as I possess a copy of the photograph in question, and the pair are seated as prosaically as possible, one on either side of a little table. M. von Bismarck, whose profile is turned toward the spectator, is indeed looking at the

lady, but most un- picture solicitation rooms M. changed usual con- sity for picture d- ation picture- up and d- copies, h- where the- very cord- that my c- members- was far fr- that she c- later day- voices. the pon o- at length, he goes r- giving an- his corres- erised all- Mr. D. Poissy on- Seme." the first- known Ph- the "Mark- the artist- lap, in th- whosever- eye, rushi- personage- painting v- vitality of- was almos- There novelties- other, the- Beaké is- morrow n- Tell." I- and style- music of Y- Farre is t- of Don Ju- for the oc- and rehear- gust, who- gar as a bo- éo. Mida- is a day, i- fat, voicele- If ever a- away from- out cast. is all read- most gorg- formed at- pretty con- been reviv- admirably- liz. Stran- greatest of- drous Rac- and sparkl- play itself- the modern- the Mollie- The dr- the produ- Vaudeville- from the p- M. Albert- actorization- unpractise- too much

lady, but she is gazing forth into space in the most unsympathetic manner imaginable. The picture was taken, it is said, at the earnest solicitation of a poor photographer at whose rooms M. von Bismarck and Madame Lucca chanced to meet, and who saw in such an unusual combination of personages an opportunity for making a sensational picture. The picture did create a sensation—not only a sensation but a scandal—so much so that all the pictures and the negatives as well were bought up and destroyed by the police. Some stray copies, however, found their way into Austria, where the great Prussian was far from being very cordially beloved, and it was in Vienna that my copy was purchased. It must be remembered that Pauline Lucca in those days was far from being the scandalous personage that she afterward became, especially in these later days of many husbands and many divorces. A letter concerning the affair from the pen of M. von Bismarck himself is given at length, and it is rather amusing to see how he goes round and round the subject without giving any positive answer to the queries of his correspondent, who is evidently quite exercised about the matter.

Mr. D. R. Knight is still hard at work at Poissy on his "Market Scene" and "Harvest Scene." Both these pictures are already sold, the first to Mr. Anthony Drexel, the well-known Philadelphia banker. The studies for the "Market Scene" were made from actual life, the artist sitting, with his sketch-book on his lap, in the open street, on market-days, and, whenever any picturesque group struck his eye, rushing to secure the immobility of the personages by some small payment. The painting will thus have all the vividness and vitality of real life. The "Harvest Scene" was almost literally painted in the open fields.

There is a continual talk of forthcoming novelties at the Grand Opéra, but, somehow or other, they do not come. Mademoiselle de Resaké is to create her second character to-morrow night; it is *Mathilde* in "William Tell." I question much whether her voice and style will be found as well suited to the music of Rossini as that of Thomas or Verdi. Favre is to make his *rentrée* in the character of *Don Juan*, which opera is to be brought out for the occasion. The scenery is all ready, and rehearsals are proceeding briskly. Vergnet, who has a good tenor voice, but is as vulgar as a boiled cabbage, is to be the *Don Ottavio*. Midan-Carvalho, who is forty-five if she is a day, is to personate *Zerlina*; and poor, old, fat, voiceless Gueymord will play *Donna Elvira*. If ever a *Don Juan* was justified in running away from his wife, it will be he of the present cast. The scenery of "Robert le Diable" is all ready, and it is said that this will be the most gorgeous of all the operas as yet performed at the Grand Opéra. Camille Doucet's pretty comedy of "Le Baron Lafleur" has been revived at the Comédie Française, and is admirably played by Coquelin and Dinah Félix. Strange that this last, the sister of the greatest of French tragic actresses—the wondrous Rachel—should be the most vivacious and sparkling of French stage *soubrettes*. The play itself is a successful attempt to revive, on the modern stage, the style and personages of the Molièresque comedy.

The dramatic event of the week has been the production of "Jean-Nu-Pieds" at the Vaudeville. It is a four-act drama in verse, from the pen of a comparatively young author, M. Albert Delpit. In construction and characterization it betrays the inexperience of an unpractised hand, and the plot reminds one too much of that of Victor Hugo's "Ninety-

Three;" but it has one strong qualification—it is interesting. The piece opens on the 9th of August, 1792, the day of the taking of the Tuileries by the mob, and, by an odd coincidence, the first representation took place on the 9th of August. The *Marquis de Kardigan*, a venerable Breton noble and a fanatic royalist, has three sons. The eldest is slain in the massacre of the 9th of August; the second, *Jean*, is an ardent republican; while *Henri*, the youngest, is devoted to the cause of the monarchy, like his father and his eldest brother. *Jean de Kardigan* is in love with *Fernande*, the daughter of the republican deputy *Herard*. He becomes a general in the service of the republic, and gains the soubriquet of *Jean-Nu-Pieds* by a heroic deed, which renders him popular. His brother becomes one of the chiefs of the Vendean insurrection, and wins the heart of *Jean's* love, *Fernande Herard*. The *Marquis* and *Henri* are captured by *Jean's* soldiery, are tried by a court-martial, and are sentenced to death. By means of his own passport, *Jean* contrives that his brother shall escape, and, taking *Henri's* place in the prison, he dies in his stead, blessed and pardoned in the last hour by the father whom he accompanies to execution and whose doom he shares. This last situation is peculiarly strong and striking. But the great mistake of the dramatist is made by depicting *Jean* as false in this last moment to the republican principles, which had led him to forsake his father, his family, and the olden cause of his race. The character of the stern republican, *Herard*, is probably the best delineated one in the piece. The company of the Vaudeville is hardly suited to the personation of the rhymed drama. Stuart, who played in New York last season in that disastrous failure, the "Hero of an Hour," personated *Jean de Kardigan* fairly well, but his features lack mobility and his voice is unpleasant. Charly, from the Ambigu, played *Herard* admirably; and Madame Dupont-Vernon, a recruit from the Comédie Française, lent the charm of her cultivated and polished diction to the utterances of *Fernande*, but she is plain in person and lacks fervor as an actress.

Poor Sophie Hamet, the original *Frochard* of the "Deux Orphelines," is dead. She was sixty years of age, and has been ailing for some time past. She used to be known on the bills merely as Madame Sophie, till, on assuming the rôle of *La Frochard*, she took also her surname. On being asked the reason of her so doing, she made answer, "My son is studying at the Conservatoire, and I thought it might aid him before the judges when he came to compete for a prize, were it known that he had a mother who was already a successful actress." Poor Sophie Hamet! She was a good mother and a good woman, and yet she played the part of the atrocious old hag in "Les Deux Orphelines" with such striking realism that the excitable audience of the upper tiers used to hurl insulting epithets at her, and once, even, a band of strong-armed *dames de la Halle* waited outside the stage-door to give her the thrashing which they thought that her treatment of poor blind *Louise* richly merited. Fortunately, their purpose was discovered, and Madame Hamet was smuggled out of the front-door, thus escaping her ferocious would-be assailants.

LUCKY H. HOOPER.

OUR LONDON LETTER.

"BARON" GRANT'S new investment, the little evening *Echo*, which rumor—and rumor is very busy at this dull season—says is to be

made into a morning publication, like its big rivals the *Standard*, *Telegraph*, and *Daily News*, has been giving us some information about Mr. Carlyle which is not generally known. Every thing about the great Chelsea sage is of interest, wherefore I quote the *Echo's* remarks:

"It is" (runs the article) "generally supposed that Mr. Carlyle studied at the University of Edinburgh for the ministry of the Church of Scotland, and that it was only when he was on the point of receiving 'license'—the Presbyterian equivalent to holy orders—that he shrank from becoming a clergyman. This now turns out to be a mistake. Mr. Carlyle passed from school to the University of Edinburgh at a very early age, and studied the subjects embraced in what is known in Scotland as the Arts curriculum—that general and comprehensive course of culture which forms the prelude to special professional study; but whatever may have been his own original intentions, or those of his father, a shrewd Scotchman and sound Calvinist, the future author of 'Sartor Resartus' never attended any theological classes. From college he went to Annan, obtaining, by public competition, the post of mathematical teacher in the burgh school there, at which, singularly enough, he had received his early education. After two years, he exchanged this situation for a similar one in Kirkcaldy, where his boyish acquaintance with Edward Irving developed into a memorable and now historic intimacy. Tired of the school-master's life, he left Kirkcaldy in two years more for Edinburgh, where he devoted himself to reading enormously in the University Library, and to literary work of that lower order which he himself has called 'the stray-ground husbandries.' At length, release from drudgery came in the shape of the tutorship to Charles Buller. But at no time after his university studies came to an end did Mr. Carlyle contemplate entering the ministry. However interesting it may be, therefore, to speculate upon the influence a Reverend Thomas Carlyle would have had upon religious thought in the present time, there is no basis of fact for such speculations. Any attempt to make an inference as to Mr. Carlyle's opinions—his orthodoxy or heterodoxy—from a supposed refusal on his part when a young man to subscribe certain theological standards, is, of course, equally idle."

Quite so; but, then, some writers are so fond of speculating! Why, aren't there people up to this very day speculating what Shakespeare would have become if he hadn't been the son of a butcher?

We have a phenomenon in London just now—the "smallest man in the world." I don't know whether he has ever been in the States or not. His real name is Jean Han-nema, his nickname Admiral Van Tromp, and his native place Francker, in Holland. His height tallies with the number of his years—he is twenty-six years, and he stands just twenty-six inches in his stockings. Yes, he is actually half a foot shorter than Tom Thumb, and is, moreover, it is said, quite as accomplished. In sooth, he is a very Elihu Burritt, for he can converse fluently in English, French, Dutch, German, and Italian. Probably, like Porson, he "thinks in Greek."

Here is an anecdote which has just been told me of "Owen Meredith," the present Lord Lytton; I shouldn't like to vouch for its authenticity, but 'twill serve: Walking down Ludgate Hill, not very long ago, a low fellow pushed rudely against him, and made some unpleasant remark. "Sir," said his lordship, sternly, his "dander" rising immediately, "do you know whom you're addressing?"

"No, I don't," replied the man, insolently. "Then I'll leave you to find out," continued the young nobleman. "Meanwhile, go to the devil!" And the fellow went; that is to say, his lordship looked at him so defiantly that he walked away. Your late guest, Mr. J. L. Toole, is at present "starring" in the British provinces, previous to his "first appearance in London since his return from America," at the Gaiety, on November 8th. Mr. Toole makes quite little fortunes by these provincial tours. The managers of even the minor theatres pay him fifty pounds a night—ay, and find the speculation pay, too. You've no idea how popular he is among us; let me whisper it, he's a much-overrated man. A far abler comedian, Mr. Charles Mathews, but who "draws" nothing like so well, will also appear at Mr. Hollingshead's theatre soon. Well may Mr. Mathews be dubbed "the evergreen!" Though seventy-two years of age, he is as hale and active as many a young man of twenty. I may tell you here that Boucicault opens with "Shaughraun" at Drury Lane, on September 4th, and that Mr. Jefferson will impersonate *Nip Van Winkle* on the 2d of November, at the Princess's.

An adaptation of the younger Dumas's "Monsieur Alphonse" has been produced at the Globe. The adapter—he has changed the title to "Love and Honor"—is Mr. Campbell Clarke, the Paris correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*. The same gentleman's version of "Rose Michel" met, you will remember, with a disastrous fate at the Gaiety some months ago—a fact in a great measure owing, it is only fair to add, to Mrs. Gladstone's inadequate personation of the title rôle. However, Mr. Clarke's new play bids fair to be a success. It is much more compact than "Rose Michel;" then, again, it does not touch on such delicate ground. In sooth, as French plays go, it has almost a moral tendency. Of course you know the plot; here it is in brief:

"Before marrying M. de Montaignin, a captain in the French Navy, Raymonde de Montaignin has been the semi-innocent victim of Octave, an unscrupulous young rake, who has persuaded her into a false marriage and abandoned her. She has borne him a child, Adrienne, thirteen years old in the opening of the play, and then living with some peasants at Rueil, her father having visited her from time to time under the alias of M. Alphonse; while her mother, who has been less cautious, is known to her and her foster-parents. Octave's approaching marriage with Madame Victoire Guicharde, a wealthy and good-hearted, but withal jealous and vulgar widow, leads him to explain to Madame de Montaignin, whose husband, a late companion-in-arms of his father, he visits on friendly terms, that something must be done with their daughter, lest his prospects of comfort might be compromised; and ultimately the wife, who struggles violently against deceiving her husband, consents that her betrayer, whom she despises, shall ask him to receive the child. This is done, Octave confessing his paternity without compromising the lady, and Adrienne helping to keep the secret by repressing her caresses save when in private. But now Madame Guicharde intervenes, her curiosity and suspicion aroused, and eliciting the admission from her admirer that he is the father, and the falsehood that the mother is dead, resolves to take charge of the child herself. Thereupon a 'scene' ensues, for Madame de Montaignin, at first kindly, and then so energetically as to open the eyes of her husband, protests against the separation. He, comprehending all, forgives her, and fills up an 'acte de naissance,'

accepting the paternity, which Octave refuses, though he is compelled to sign it as a witness. Some complications arising from the arrival of Madame Guicharde, who has been to the mairie meanwhile and declared herself to be the mother of Adrienne, are followed by the fall of the curtain, with the discomfiture of the villain, discarded for his heartlessness rather than his perfidy."

Mademoiselle Beatrice's comedy company sustain the various characters, mademoiselle herself enacting the heroine. She is a finished and graceful actress. Mr. Frank Harvey as Octave, Mr. J. Carter-Edwards as M. de Montaignin, and Miss C. Saunders as Madame Guicharde, are all fairly good. So, altogether, "Love and Honor" may run right through this "dead" season—this season of gigantic gooseberries and sea-serpents.

Mr. Frederick Maccabe had a most enthusiastic reception at the pretty little Philharmonic Theatre, at Islington, a few evenings ago. At present he is giving his "Begone, Dull Care," there, and the evening alluded to was the occasion of his first performance since his return from your shores. I never saw a more densely-crowded house; I never heard more hearty and spontaneous applause.

He whom Walter Savage Landor dubbed "a noble poet" has just put forth a new and revised edition of his verse. I refer to Mr. Edward Capern, "the rural postman of Bideford." Mr. Capern is in some respects a remarkable man; humble though his calling has been, the "divine afflatus" is certainly his. Passing, letter-bag at side, to and fro along the beautiful Devonshire lanes, he has drawn inspiration like Burns, like Hogg, like Tannahill, from tree, and bush, and wild-flower. "The rude bar of a stile or field-gate has often," as he says in his preface, "served him for a writing-desk; or, seated on the side of some friendly hedge, his post-bag resting on his knees, he has pencilled out his thoughts in the rough, to be polished up in the little cottage at the end of his outward journey." The years are beginning to weigh heavily on Mr. Capern now, and no longer is he a humble letter-carrier, but, like Goldsmith's parson, "passing rich on fifty"—or rather sixty—"pounds a year," a sum which is allowed him from the Civil List. Do your readers, by-the-way, know Mr. Capern's poetry? In case not, let me quote a specimen lyric from the volume I have referred to—"Wayside Warbles"—published by Messrs. Varns & Co.:

"MY LITTLE LOVE.

"I have a love at Aston Hall,
A little prattling darling;
She's very, very, very small,
And chatters like a starling.
Her hair is light, her eye blue-bright,
Her cheek is like a rose,
And if you wish her name outright,
'Tis little Baby Rosy.

"She's such a sweet, wee, winsome thing,
That, spite of my endeavor
To give the witch the cruel fling,
I fear that I must have her:
She comes and peers into my eyes,
And climbs up o'er my shoulder,
Or snarcs me by some fond surprise,
Till I am forced to hold her.

"And then she pulls me by the beard
Or clutches at my glasses,
Till I begin to be afraid
She'll beat my Devon lassies.
God keep her little loving heart;
I wish her well and cozy,
And may no evil bring a smart
To my sweet Baby Rosy."

Surely there are real tenderness and genuine poetic feeling in that. WILL WILLIAMS.

Science, Invention, Discovery

A NEW PETROLEUM-FURNACE.

DURING a recent conversation with an oil-refiner, who was deploring the fact that there was so poor a market for his wares, we took occasion to remark on the efforts now being made to devise some means for burning petroleum under boilers, in furnaces, etc.—in a word, for using it as a fuel. "Well, I wish they would hurry up and discover it," was the reply; "for what we producers want is a market for crude or refined oils, and any such discovery as you suggest would create a demand at once." Nor is it the producer alone who would be benefited by this discovery. The advantages of oil as a fuel, if it can be safely and effectively adapted to this purpose, are self-evident. Here we have, in a compact and readily-managed form, a heat-producing substance of greater relative strength than coal, the supply of which, for the present at least, is fully up to any reasonable demand.

Engineer-in-chief Isherwood, United States Navy, having conducted a series of experiments "upon various systems of utilization of petroleum as a fuel," states the advantages of its use as follows:

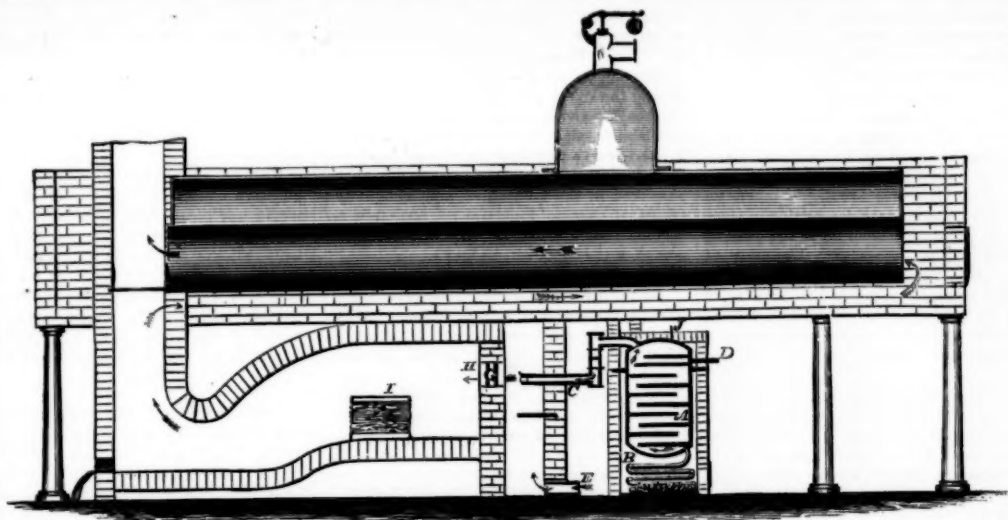
1. A reduction of the weight of fuel amounting to 40.5 per cent.
2. A reduction in bulk of 36.5 per cent.
3. A reduction in the number of stokers in the proportion of four to one.
4. The prompt kindling of fires, and consequently the early attainment of the maximum temperature of furnace.
5. The fire can, at any moment, be instantaneously extinguished.

With such decided testimony, from so high an authority, in favor of petroleum as a fuel, the reader will doubtless be induced to inquire why, if petroleum be such a good thing, it is not used at once? To this query we are prompted to reply as was the wont with our good Professor of Chemistry at — College, who, on the failure of some promised experiment, would advance timidly to the desk, remarking, "Young gentlemen, the experiment is a failure, but the principle remains the same." So it seems to have been with the numberless experiments to effect the economical burning of petroleum. We use the word *economical* advisedly, though in a chemical rather than mercantile sense. The one obstacle to the solution of the problem has been the deposition of soot—that is, the failure to effect a complete combustion of the oil; and it is to the successful accomplishment of this that the efforts of inventors have been chiefly directed. The question as to how the oil may be safely introduced into the furnace from the supply-tanks, though an important one, has been satisfactorily answered. The plans for effecting a complete combustion of the oil may be classified under two general heads. The first relates to the burning of liquid oil directly, and the other to the previous conversion of it into gas, the combustion of which gives the heat desired. As this subject is one of very general interest, and as the success of any

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EAMES'S PETROLEUM IRON PROCESS.

invention may result to the advantage not only of large consumers, but in every instance where heat is needed, we are induced to lay before our readers the accompanying illustration of one of the more recent inventions. While not being understood as indorsing this or any other patented device to which we refer in these columns, justice to the inventor induces us to state that the *Engineering and Mining Journal*, the authority of which in this and kindred questions will not be gainsaid, in referring to the Eames furnace, states that "it promises to be one of the most important inventions of our fruitful times."

By a reference to the illustration, it appears that the Eames furnace belongs to that class where the petroleum is first converted into a gas, which gas, or mixture of gases, is conducted into the furnace, where it is consumed. Professor Henry Wurtz, having made the Eames system of furnace-working with petroleum a special study, embodies his views in an extended report favorable to the inventor, from which report we obtain the following description of the furnace, as now in constant use in Jersey City:

"The novel feature of the Eames furnace is the vapor-generator, shown in the illustration by letters A, B, J, D. Here we have a cast-iron vessel, A, inclosed in brick walls. Within this vessel horizontal shelves project from opposite sides; the oil conducted from the supply-tanks enters this iron vessel at D; at the same time a jet of steam, under a pressure of ten pounds per square inch, and heated to incandescence, enters from below through the superheating coil B, the heat for this coil being obtained from a fire, as shown. I indicates a charge of three thousand pounds of iron, for the reheating of which the furnace is designed. When the oil, having entered at D, begins to fall over the shelves, it at once encounters the rising current of heated steam; the result is that every trace of oil is taken up and swept into a mixing-chamber, which occupies the space which in the old method would be used for the fire-box. Between this chamber and the furnace proper is a brick wall hav-

ing a cellular wall, of fire-bricks placed on end, along the line G. While the gas is entering from the generator, a blast of air comes in at E, and mixes with it, the whole passing in through H. Here the combustion begins, and the flames are projected against the pile of iron I, and finally pass in along the line indicated by the arrows, heating the boiler above, and passing out at the chimney."

This description is sufficiently explicit to illustrate the main principle of the invention, which consists in the volatilization of the oil by the aid of superheated steam, and its subsequent union with an air-blast. By this means it is claimed that a complete combustion of all the carbon is effected. Whether this is actually the case may yet be a question, though the evidence at hand is certainly most favorable. Whatever may be the fate, good or bad, of this special furnace, the final solution of the problem, with its important effect on the industries of the country, is certain to come in due time. In the meanwhile we have accomplished some service in laying the subject before our readers, who, in spite of many failures, may yet rest assured that "the principle remains the same."

DURING the early stages of the discussion regarding the influence of forests upon the annual rainfall, we were induced, by what was deemed most significant testimony, to take the ground that as yet there was not sufficient evidence at hand to justify the popular opinion that the removal of forests resulted in the diminution of the annual rainfall. On the other hand, we have the testimony of Professor Draper and the meteorological records to prove that the average rainfall over the United States, taken year for year during the last fifty years, has neither increased nor diminished, though the removal of timber has been rapid and constant. Although we were inclined to consider this opinion regarding the annual rainfall as sustained by abundant evidence, we were also ready to admit that the clearing of forests did result in an increase in the violence and number of our local freshets. This effect was at-

tributed to the fact that forests serve to check the too rapid melting of the snow, while they also serve to hold the surface-water and prevent its too rapid flow down the hill-sides to the streams below. Then, again, the irregularities of surface, caused by the elevation around the base of each tree-trunk, and the intervening depressions thus caused, would seem to act as so many basins, in which the falling water might collect, and from which it must pass either by absorption or evaporation. The leaves also present an extended surface, upon which a certain amount of water is always retained, and from which it is again returned to the atmosphere by evaporation. We are thus prompted to review our reasons for believing that the removal of forests increases the liability to freshets and consequent inundations, in view of the fact that a recent French writer, M. Vallés, in a work entitled "*Etudes sur les Inondations*," takes opposite ground. The main argument advanced in support of his opinion that forests do not diminish the violence of inundations, is that over wooded districts "mosses and plants abound, beds of dry leaves accumulate yearly, and fill up all the interstices; the roots of the trees themselves fill up the fissures in the rocks." On the other hand, the writer claims that in the cleared regions the ground is kept ploughed and clear of weeds, while the countless numbers of furrows and ditches give the soil more time and opportunity to absorb the water. On reviewing this argument, it is evident that the writer, in support of his theory, is led into certain evident inconsistencies. For instance, it is claimed as against the forests that the roots of the trees fill up the "fissures in the rocks;" and yet immediately afterward and in the same connection, we are informed that in the cleared regions the ground is kept ploughed, although the ploughing and furrowing of rocky slopes is a rare occurrence. It is true that the vineyard districts along the Rhine are often the most barren of hill-sides, and yet they are hardly such as the term "rocky fissures" would indicate. Granting, however, that in exceptional cases the effect may be as stated, it is evident that to us in America the conditions may be altered. It is a demonstrable fact that the removal of forest in many of our wooded districts is not followed

by the subsequent cultivation of the land, and hence the leaf-covered surface, now hardened by the direct action of the sun's rays, soon becomes an impenetrable table, from which the water runs without impediment to the streams below. We would not have given to the discussion of this question so extended a space were it not that the subject is one of general interest, the recent floods in Europe having served to direct public attention to it, and already active measures are being taken to prevent the indiscriminate destruction of timber, and in cases of cleared lands the owners are advised to begin a regular system of tree-planting. While those who are now suffering from these causes are engaged in devising a remedy, we of this country would do well to adopt the wiser course, and by "prevention" avoid the need of "cure."

THE scheme for flooding the desert of Sahara still continues to attract the attention of engineers and meteorologists: of engineers, since with them rests the solution of the direct problems relating to levels, canals, etc.; and of meteorologists, since, whether with good reason or not, the question of the possible climatic changes consequent upon the changing of a desert into a salt sea seems to be worthy of consideration. As we have already noticed in the discussion of this subject, there are certain observers who do not hesitate to proclaim that the flooding of so great an area will result in such modifications of temperature and wind-currents as would change the whole climatic condition of Europe. Among the prominent observers who take this ground is Mr. Kinahan, of the Geological Survey of Ireland, who thinks it a subject worthy of attention as to whether the submergence of Sahara would not cause the snow-line in Southern Europe to descend to its ancient limits, and the Rhine, Danube, and other rivers, be changed into great glaciers. From recent reports, it is evident that these dismal forebodings have had little effect upon the ardor of the original projectors of the scheme, and, while the one party has been busy with its weather-maps and rain-gauges, the other has been going over the ground with tripod and level, wisely determining to first settle the question as to whether the land of the desert be, in fact, lower than the adjacent sea. It is to the results of these special observations that attention may at present be fitly directed. At the time that M. de Lesseps first directed the attention of the French Academy of Sciences to the subject, an expedition was appointed to take the levels of the region of the Chotts (flats) in order to determine the extent of the area which was capable of being submerged. This expedition was organized under the leadership of Captain Roudaire, the original projector of the scheme; with him were associated two captains and a lieutenant of the Etat Major, an infantry-captain, a surgeon-major, deputed by the Geographical Society, and a young mining-engineer. We notice the constitution of this expedition so fully, since the further consideration of the matter was dependent upon their report, and it is from this report that we condense as follows: Four months were consumed in the prosecution of the work; during this time an entire tour of the Chotts was made, and El Ould and Negrine connected by a transverse profile, the whole distance being over four hundred miles. As the result of this survey, it was determined that the region in Algeria whose depression below the sea-level renders it capable of being flooded has an area of six thousand square kilometres, included within 34.38° and 33.51° north latitude, and 4.51° and

3.40° east longitude. In the central portion of this area the depression varies from sixty to ninety feet. It was also ascertained that the Chotts Rharsa and Melvir were sufficiently depressed to admit of submergence. Should this great work be ever accomplished, the fine oases of the Souf would be converted into islands, since the lowest of them, Debila, is nearly two hundred feet above the sea-level. The engineering problem seems thus to be answered in the affirmative, and, should the report of Captain Roudaire be favorably received, we doubt not an early attempt to accomplish the work will be made.

OF the many papers read before the American Association at their late meeting at Detroit, that by Professor Riley on "Locusts as Food for Man" deserves special mention. From a brief report, we condense as follows: Before recounting his own experience, the writer refers to certain historic records as supporting his—the affirmative—side of the question. Among the Nineveh sculptures in the British Museum are representations of men carrying various meats to a festival, including locusts tied to sticks. In Leviticus and elsewhere in the Bible, the locust is classed as a clean meat fit for man's food. Herodotus names an Ethiopian tribe which fed on locusts, and Livingstone confirms the statement. In Morocco, where the insect appears in such numbers as to threaten the crops, they are killed and eaten, and roasted locusts are to be found for sale in the markets of Tangiers and other cities. The Jews of Morocco regard the markings under the thorax of the female locust as Hebrew characters, placed there to indicate that the food is clean, and thus a preference is given to the females—not altogether a vain superstition, we would say, since it creates a demand for the mother-locusts, and thus checks an undue multiplication of the pest. It is also said that many tribes of American Indians make use of this food.

Regarding the methods by which the locust is rendered palatable, we learn that those of the Old World being large are easily prepared by first detaching their wings and legs, and then roasting, boiling, broiling, frying, or stewing them. The Romans are said to have roasted them to a bright-golden yellow. In Russia they are salted and smoked, and the Hebrews of Morocco use the salted insect as an ingredient of a mixed dish, which is cooked on Friday and eaten cold on the Sabbath—à la Boston baked beans. With such established records and worthy precedents in mind, it is not surprising that so wise and enthusiastic an entomologist as Professor Riley, since he knew every thing else about locusts, should wish to know their flavor, and this zeal becomes the more worthy when it is remembered that, as an incident to the meal, the learned epicure might discover the final remedy for exterminating the pest—that is, to eat them as they do in Morocco. Be the motive what it may—and we doubt not it was a wise one—the result was that he found the flavor of the cooked insect, prepared in almost any of the methods described, quite agreeable. Fried or roasted in nothing but their own oil, they had a pleasant, nutty flavor, peculiar but agreeable. All the more credit is due the professor from the fact that, owing to a prejudice begotten of ignorance, the cook and servants deserted the kitchen, leaving the naturalists masters of the turning-fork and griddle. "But," says the report, "the savory messes they concocted converted the kitchen, and cooks and guests alike agreed upon the excellence of the soups, fricassees, and fritters, which were materially composed

of locusts." In spite of the character of the last dish mentioned, it is evident that the naturalists did not "fritter" away their time in a vain endeavor, but made of their meal a scientific and a culinary success. Though prompted to review this paper in a semi-serious spirit, it is evident that the service rendered by Professor Riley is no mean one. We all have been taught to commend the bravery of the man who ate the first oyster, and yet we may now search the world over for him who would not gladly take a second. So may it prove with the locust; and, instead of the truly pathetic appeals for food which recently came to us from the locust-invaded districts, may we not yet receive during the time of the next invasion equally urgent invitations to come out and share with our Western friends in that royal and well-authenticated repast, "locusts and wild-honey!"

WE recently directed attention to the fact that a severe case of blood-poisoning had been reported in England, the cause of which was proved to be a hat-band which had been colored by some poisonous dye. It appears that this incident has given rise to a more extended investigation as to the constitution of many of the more-commonly-used dyes. That green wall-paper acts injuriously upon the health of those occupying rooms hung with it, seems to have been clearly proved. It has now been ascertained that many blue papers have also arsenic in the composition of the dyes used. The recent introduction and extended use of colored or striped stockings, and the evil effects experienced by the wearers of them, have served to direct the attention of the physician and analyst to the question of the dyes used in coloring them. The *Pull Mall Gazette*, in noticing the evil effects of wearing colored hose, cites several instances where the first symptoms were intense irritation in the skin of the feet, swelling, and an inflamed appearance; then an outbreak of watery blisters of all sizes, from groups of the size of hemp-seed to single blisters on the sole of the foot larger than a five-shilling piece. This condition was accompanied by general feverishness, rigors, loss of appetite, and a sensation of pervading malaise. In a severe attack the patient was rarely able to walk for three weeks, and after one attack passed off it was often followed by another of a milder type. In one case a gentleman was obliged to wear cloth shoes for upward of eight months, and with other patients the system has been so impregnated with the poison that blisters have reappeared at intervals, not only on the feet, but on the hands, ears, etc., for more than three years. There was no doubt as to the cause and method of this blood-poisoning, for the blisters first came in stripes corresponding to the colored stripes of the stockings, and the laundresses complained of the irritation and inflamed condition of their hands after washing these poisonous articles. A Scotch lady who suffered from a like cause brought a successful suit against the firm which supplied her with the goods, and it was formally announced by them that henceforth the use of arsenic in the composition of the dyes would be discontinued. Although having no wish to appear as "alarmists," yet it is evident that the occasion is one calling for watchful care on the part of both purchaser and manufacturer. As we have suggested above, these facts are worthy of special consideration at present. For, while the fashion of wearing striped stockings will, without doubt, soon be confined to gentlemen alone, yet the use by them of questionable colors may result in the disastrous effects above described.

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DR. HENRY G. PIFFARD, of New York, contributes to the *Medical Record*, July 10th, a valuable paper on "The Diffraction Spectra of Colored Fluids," in which the writer not only presents, in a forcible manner, the advantages of the diffraction grating over the prism in spectrum analysis, but also, by the aid of a simple formula, shows how the wavelength corresponding to any line may be readily and accurately determined. Those familiar with the spectroscope and its uses will readily recognize the value of any simple method for obtaining a mathematical expression for any or all of the lines of the spectrum under examination. In addition to the statement and practical application of this formula, Dr. Piffard devotes special attention to a discussion of the relative value of the two methods of analysis, together with brief reference to the several forms of diffraction gratings. Experience has unquestionably demonstrated the fact that in chemistry the service of the spectroscope will be mainly confined to the examination and comparison of absorption spectra, and hence any contribution to this branch of knowledge can but be of great significance and value, and from the fact that the writer, whose work we have noticed, speaks from actual and careful personal observation, his suggestions merit, and will doubtless receive, special attention.

Miscellany:

NOTEWORTHY THINGS GLEANED HERE AND THERE.

ON the occasion of the celebration in New York, August 28th, of the one hundred and twenty-sixth anniversary of the birth of Goethe, a poem of great beauty and force was read by Mr. Bayard Taylor. As many of our readers may desire to preserve this production in a more permanent form than can be afforded by a morning newspaper, we reproduce it here:

I.
Whose voice shall so invade the spheres
That, ere it die, the Master hears?
Whose arm is now so strong
To fling the votive garland of a song,
That some fresh odor of a world he knew
With large enjoyment, and may yet
Not utterly forget,
Shall reach his place, and whisper whence it
grew?
Dare we invoke him, that he pause
On trails divine of unimagined laws,
And bend the luminous eyes
Experience could not dim, nor Fate surprise,
On these late honors, where we fondly seem,
Him thus exalting, like him to aspire,
And reach, in our desire,
The triumph of his toil, the beauty of his dream!

II.
God moulds no second poet from the clay
Time once hath cut in marble: when, at last,
The veil is plucked away,
We see no face familiar to the Past.
New mixtures of the elements,
And fresh espousals of the soul and sense,
At first disguise
The un conjectured Genius to our eyes,
Till self-nursed faith and self-encouraged power
Win the despotic hour
That bids our doubting race accept and recognize!

III.
Ah, who shall say what cloud of disregard,
Cast by the savage ancient fame
Of some forgotten name,
Mantled the Chian bard?

He walked beside the strong, prophetic sea,
Indifferent as itself, and nobly free;
While roll of waves and rhythmic sound of oars
Along Ionian shores,
To Troy's high story chimed in undertone,
And gave his song the accent of their own!
What classic ghost severe was summoned up
To threaten Dante, when the bitter bread
Of exile on his board was spread,
The bitter wine of bounty filled his cup?
We need not ask; the unpropitious years,
The hate of Gueff, the lordly sneers
Of Della Scala's court, the Roman ban,
Were but as eddying dust
To his firm-centred trust;
For through that air without a star
Burned one unwavering beacon from afar,
That kept him, his, and ours, the stern, immortal
man!
What courtier, stuffed with smooth, accepted lore
Of Song's patrician line,
But shrugged his velvet shoulders all the more,
And heard with bland, indulgent face,
As who bestows a grace,
The homely phrase that Shakespeare made di-
vine?

So, now, the dainty souls that crave
Light stepping-stones across a shallow wave,
Shrink from the depths of Goethe's soundless song!
So, now, the weak, imperfect fire
That knows but half of passion and desire
Betrays itself to do the Master wrong;
Turns, dazzled by his white, uncolored glow,
And deems his sevenfold heat the wintry flash of
snow!

IV.
Fate, like a grudging child,
Herself once reconciled
To power by loss, by suffering to fame;
Weighing the Poet's name
With blindness, exile, want, and aims denied,
Or let faint spirits perish in their pride;
Or gave her justice when its need had died;
But as if weary she
Of struggle crowned by victory,
Him with the largest of her gifts she tried!
Proud beauty to the boy she gave:
A lip that bubbled song, yet lured the bee;
An eye of light, a forehead pure and free;
Strength as of streams, and grace as of the
wave!

Round him the morning air
Of life she charmed, and made his pathway fair;
Lent Love her lightest chain,
That laid no bondage on the haughty brain,
And cheapened honors with a new disdain:
Kept, through the shocks of Time,
For him the haven of a peace sublime,
And let his sight forerun
The sown achievement, to the harvest won!

V.
But Fortune's darling stood unspoiled:
Caressing Love and Pleasure,
He let not go the imperishable treasure:
He thought and sported; caroled free, and
toll'd;
He stretched wide arms to clasp the joy of Earth,
But delved in every field
Of knowledge, conquering all clear worth
Of action, that ennobles through the sense
Of wholly-used intelligence:
From loftiest pinnacles, that shone revealed
In pure poetic ether, he could bend
To win the little store
Of humblest Labor's lore,
And give each face of Life the greeting of a friend!

He taught, and governed—knew the thankless
days
Of service and dispraise;
He followed Science on her stony ways;
He turned from princely state, to heed
The single nature's need,
And, through the chill of hostile years,
Never unlearned the noble shame of tears!
Faced by fulfilled Ideals, he aspired
To win the perished secret of their grace—
To dower the earnest children of a race
Toll never tamed, nor acquisition tired
With Freedom born of Beauty—and for them
His Titan soul combined
The passions of the mind,

Which blood and time so long had held apart,
Till the white blossom of the Grecian Art
The world saw shine once more, upon a Gothic
stem!

VI.
His measure would we mete?
It is a sea that murmurs at our feet.
Wait, first, upon the strand:
A far shore glimmers—"knowest thou the
land?"
Whence these gay flowers that breathe beside
the water?
Ask thou the Eri-King's daughter!
It is no cloud that darkens thus the shore:
Faust on his mantle passes o'er.
The water roars, the water heaves,
The trembling waves divide:
A shape of beauty, rising, cleaves
The green translucent tide.
The shape is a charm, the voice is a spell;
We yield, and dip in the gentle swell.
Then billow arms our limbs entwine,
And, chill as the hidden heat of wine,
We meet the shock of the sturdy brine;
And we feel, beneath the surface-flow,
The tug of the powerful undertow,

That ceaselessly gathers and sweeps
To broader surges and darker deeps;
Till, faint and breathless, we can but float
Idly, and listen to many a note
From horns of the Tritons sung afar;
And see, on the watery rim,
The circling Dorides swim,
And Cyprus, poised on her dove-drawn car!
Torn from the deepest caves,
Sea-blooms brighten the waves:
The breaker throws pearls on the sand,
And inlets pierce to the heart of the land,
Winding by dorf and mill,
Where the shores are green and the waters still,
And the force, but now so wild,
Mirrors the maiden and sports with the child!
Spent from the sea, we gain its brink,
With soul aroused and limbs aflame:
Half are we drawn, and half we slink,
But rise no more the same.

VII.
O meadows threaded by the silver Main!
O Saxon hills of pine,
Witch-haunted Hartz, and thou,
Deep vale of Ilmenau!
Ye know your poet; and not only ye:
The purple Tyrrhene Sea
Not murmurs Virgil less, but him the more;
The Lar of haughty Rome
Gave the high guest a home:
He dwells with Tasso on Sorrento's shore!
The dowy wild-rose of his German lays,
Beside the classic cyclamen;
In many a Sabine glen,
Sweetens the calm Italian days.
But pass the hoary ridge of Lebanon
To where the sacred sun
Beams on Schirak; and lo! before the gates,
Goethe, the heir of Hafis, waits.
Know ye the turbaned brow, the Persian guise,
The bearded lips, the deep yet laughing eyes?
A cadence strange and strong
Fills each voluptuous song,
And kindles energy from old repose;
Even as first, amid the throes
Of the unquiet West,
He breathed repose to heal the old unrest!

VIII.
Dear is the Minstrel, yet the Man is more;
But should I turn the pages of his brain,
The lighter muscle of my verse would strain
And break beneath his lore.
How charge with music powers so vast and free,
Save one be great as he?
Behold him, as ye jostle with the throng
Through narrow ways, that do your beings
wrong—
Self-chosen lanes, wherein ye press
In louder Storm and Stress,
Passing the lesser bounty by
Because the greater seems too high,
And that sublimest joy forego,
To seek, aspire, and know!
Behold in him, since our strong line began,
The first full-statured man!

Dear is the Minstrel, even to hearts of prose;
But he who sets all aspiration free
Is dearer to humanity.
Still through our age the shadowy Leader goes;
Still whispers cheer, or waves his warning sign;
The man who, most of men,
Heeded the parable from lips divine,
And made one talent ten!

BATARD TAYLOR.

MR. LATOUCHE, from whose "Travels in Portugal" we have already quoted several times, tells us something of a general faith among the Portuguese in hidden treasures:

It is hardly to be believed with what childish credulity stories of hidden treasures are told and accepted in all parts of Portugal. There is more time and labor wasted in searching for imaginary concealed riches than would earn real wealth if properly directed. Some small foundation, indeed, for this general credulity exists in the hoarding propensities necessarily produced in former times of insecurity and danger; and one or two well-attested instances of the discovery of hidden treasure have come to my own knowledge. An English merchant having occasion to make some repairs in a house rented by him, in or near the town of Regoa, the workmen, either in pulling down a wall or in taking up a floor, came upon a receptacle containing about two hundred milreis, in gold and silver coin—about forty or fifty pounds. A goldsmith of Viseu told me that the garden-wall of a neighbor threatening to fall, it was ordered to be pulled down; and that on one very heavy stone in it being removed, an earthen pot was laid bare in a little hollow behind where it had stood, and in this pot were found no less than seven golden moldores! These discoveries were not magnificent ones, and it is not likely that the few which now and again are made, are more so; but they serve to keep up the prevailing appetite for treasure-seeking.

There has always prevailed a belief that an immense treasure was hidden away—I have never heard under what circumstances—in the uninhabited royal palace of Queluz, near Lisbon; and ineffectual efforts have from time to time been made to find it. A few years ago, great interest was suddenly created by the announcement that an old sergeant of artillery had sent, on his death-bed, for a high officer of the court, and had confided to him that he—the sergeant—was the sole survivor of the party which had been intrusted with the concealment of the treasure in question. He then proceeded to describe accurately the situation in which it was to be found. There was, as may be imagined, prodigious excitement among the lords and ladies of the court; and, on a certain day, a large party of them went to the deserted palace. The particular plank designated by the sergeant, in the particular room which he mentioned, was found. The workmen brought for the purpose forced it up with their tools, and between it and the ceiling below was found a space, in which there was—nothing at all! Then more planks were pulled up, then the floors of other rooms, then holes were made in likely-looking places in the walls; but still no treasure, and the courtly party had to return without it: but the palace of Queluz has been left in a state the reverse of what is known to lawyers as "tenantable repair."

Another instance of credulity is of so astounding a nature that, if I had not heard the account on unexceptional authority, I should not venture to relate it. In the city of Oporto, a society or club has been formed, for the sole

purpose of seeking for the hiding-place of a fabulously large diamond, concealed, under I know not what circumstances, either in the city or in its near neighborhood. I am ignorant of the rules and regulations of this club—whether the entrance is heavy, the subscription high, or how many black-balls exclude. I should imagine that the search for a single gem, among the streets, and squares, and suburbs, of a large city, must be very much like looking for a needle in a bottle of hay; nor do I well see how such a search could be set about without exciting comment and suspicion. I presume the members perambulate each other's gardens after nightfall with dark-lanterns. They must, of a truth, be men of a solemn and earnest temperament if they can meet together and preserve their gravity. Perhaps the club is broken up now, and for this very reason, and that *solvitur risu fabula*, they could not look each other in the face without laughing.

I am not aware that the belief of the members of the Diamond Club in the hidden stone rests upon any thing resembling evidence, or upon any thing at all, except the fact that a great number of fine gems, particularly diamonds, do exist in the country. The Portuguese obtained many precious stones of great value from India during the palmy days of their connection with that country; and more still, chiefly diamonds, from their Brazilian dependencies. I have seen, at evening parties in Lisbon and Oporto, a far greater show of good diamonds than would be seen, on similar occasions, in London or Paris; the stones, indeed, mostly ill-cut and ill-set, but representing an immense money value.

Of music and the theatre in Germany the author of "German Home-Life" writes the following:

Among the amusements of German life that bore, the so-called "musical party" is unknown. People who love music come together; they play their trios or quartets; sing their duos and solos, madrigals and glees; stop, take this or that passage over again; discuss the composer's intention; try it one way and another, enjoy it, and pass on to fresh enjoyments. There is no yawning audience bored to death in the background, longing to talk; guilty, perhaps, of that indiscretion, to the fury or despair of the performer, and the mute misery of the hostess. There is no "showing off" and forced acclamations, no grimace, and no vanity in the German evening. These lovers of music meet together with the reverence and simplicity of primitive Christians reading the legacies of the evangelists; and, having interpreted their beloved masters to the best of their abilities, go their quiet way rejoicing. Of the absurdity of gathering a crowd of unmusical people together, calling it a "musical party," and paying a professional person to bore the assembly, the sincere German mind is, happily, incapable.

After these open-air concerts you have the theatre. With us the flare of the foot-lights

always smacks somewhat of dissipation. To have been often to the theatre seems to savor of frivolity, perhaps even of extravagance. They manage these things better in Germany, where theatre-going enters as much into the daily existence of men and women as the meals they eat and the clothes they wear. The drama is regarded seriously; the stage is not looked upon merely as a source of amusement; it is treated as a potent means of education, moral as well as intellectual. Princes of the smaller states are princely in their support of the drama: the Ministry for Public Instruction votes its yearly sum, and the grand-duke adds his munificent contribution; as Goethe says, German culture owes more to the liberality and generous encouragement of the little, despised, so-called "tin-pot" state governments than she is ever likely to owe to the more distant imperial sympathies of a united Fatherland. Had Dresden, Weimar, Hanover, Stuttgart, and Brunswick, been only provincial towns, surely results would have been far different from what they are.

According to the terms of your *abonnement* you will be able to go more or less frequently to the theatre. Generally a lady will arrange to have her *fauteuil* on the same night with, and in the immediate vicinity of, friends. Men are not allowed in the dress-circle, nor women in the stalls, which are devoted to the ubiquitous military. Officers obtain their *abonnement* under specially favorable conditions, and are free to come and go without worry from box-keepers or seat-guardians. It is the correct thing for them to put in an appearance for an hour or so during the evening. If his royal highness be there he is better pleased to see the parterre of his pleasure-house filled with gay uniforms. Should the play weary or the ballet bore him, he can look down with pride on his gallant little army, and think what fine fellows it is composed of. Next to the royal box is the *Fremdenloge*, generally occupied by distinguished strangers passing through the town. The names and titles of its occupants will be duly chronicled in to-morrow's *Asseige*. You are at liberty to sell your ticket of *abonnement* should other engagements prevent your availing yourself of it. The agent will charge you a small commission for conducting the transaction. A lady goes to the theatre with her maid or a friend, and, without any impropriety, returns after the same simple fashion. The performances will begin at half-past six or seven at latest, and she will be at home again by nine or sooner. In the theatre, as in the coffee-garden, strict division of the sexes. In larger towns, where the passing through of many travelers makes the local laws less stringent, it is not unusual to see men and women sitting together, but they are almost invariably strangers and pilgrims. Birds of passage enjoy a freedom in such particulars that the *Einheimischen* cannot boast; and it is all these easy privileges, these rational, inexpensive, and early amusements, that make a residence in Germany so charming to English people of intelligence but small means.

Notices.

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